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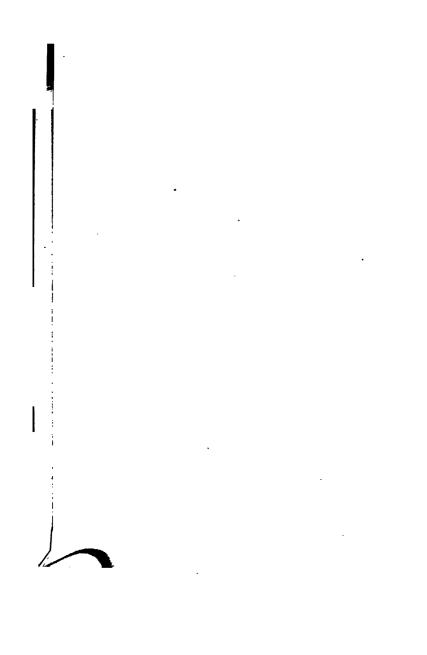
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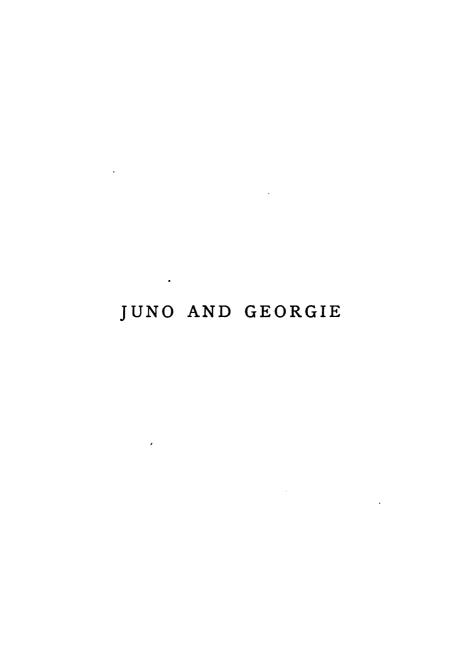
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JUNO AND GEORGIE



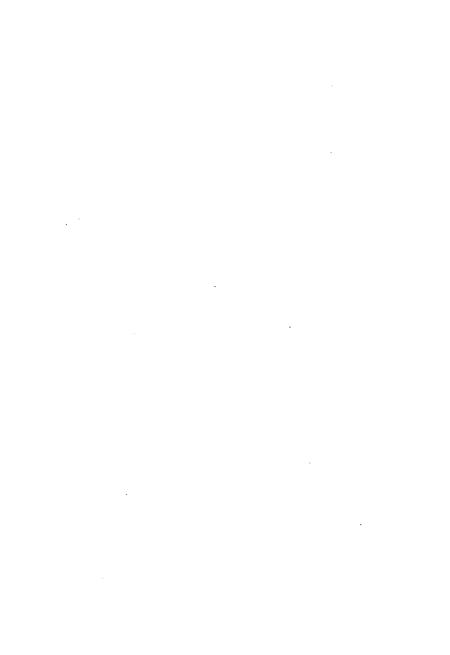






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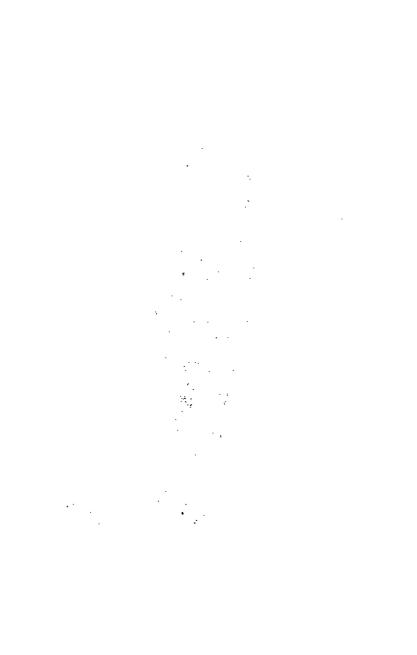
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JACOB ABBOTT

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN," ETC., ETC.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE JUNO STORIES.

THERE is a great deal of instruction called religious, which is not really religious in any proper sense, though in other aspects of it it may be very excellent and useful.

A mother, for example, gives her children on Sunday afternoon a lesson in the catechism to learn, and she requires them to remain isolated from each other and silent, for half an hour, that they may study it. When, finally, they come to recite the lesson she asks George the question, 'What is sin?'

George replies, fluently and correctly, 'Sin is any want of conformity to, or transgression of, the law of God.'

Now this, if properly managed, even if nothing is said in explanation of the meaning of the language, may be a very useful exercise for George and the others. It gives them practice in silent, solitary study,—helps to form in them habits of self-control, and of mental concentration,—exercises and trains their vocal organs and their memory,—and thus in many ways advances their cerebral and mental development.

But this kind of instruction is not, in any proper



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the boy, in the sentiment of justice and generosity which actuated him, and will be made more or less inclined to feel and act in a similar way under similar circumstances; and this sympathy will be strengthened in proportion as the scene of the story and the person and character of the boy are made attractive by agreeable and entertaining details. At any rate the influence of such an exercise, whether more or less attractive, is one intended, not to act primarily upon the memory, or upon the understanding, but directly upon the heart.

Now it is action of this nature which it is the design of these stories to illustrate, and which is the only kind of influence which truly deserves the name of religious training.

It ought perhaps to be added, that a certain portion of the matter contained in the first two volumes has been already, to some extent, communicated to the public in another form.

JACOB ABBOTT.

JUNO AND GEORGIE.

CHAPTER I.

A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.



NE Wednesday afternoon, Georgie, who was then about eight years old, came into a little green yard behind the house, where there was a bay window

opening from the room where he slept. The window was open, but there was nobody sitting at it.

Georgie advanced until he came pretty near the window, and then called out,—

'Juno!'

Pretty soon a nice and tidy-looking coloured girl, who had charge of Georgie in his plays, came to the window.

'Juno,' said he, 'will you go a fishing with me? It's a splendid cloudy day for the fish to bite.'

'Besides,' he added, in a moment, observing that Juno hesitated, 'the sun does not shine, and so you won't tan.'

Juno smiled and said she would go. Juno was quite a pretty girl, and not very dark. Still she was dark enough to make her smile at the idea of

there being any danger of her getting tanned in going out in the sun.

So Georgie went to get his fishing apparatus, namely, his line, his pole, and a little box of spare hooks which he always took with him in case of an accident; for he was very apt to get his hooks caught among the logs and sticks in the deep places in the brook. He also brought his bait-box and filled it with bait, which he dug from a retired corner of the garden behind the barn.

Presently Juno appeared all dressed for a walk, and Georgie running before her, she passed across the garden and out through a back gate, where there was a path leading through the woods down toward the banks of the stream where Georgie used to go a fishing.

I cannot stop to relate all that happened during the time of the fishing. I can only say that Georgie followed the bank, putting in his line here and there wherever he thought that there was a chance for fish. The stream was in some places rapid, and in others dark and still. As usual in such streams, where it was rapid it was shallow, and where it was still it was deep. The fact that there were these deep places was the reason why Georgie was not allowed to go a fishing unless Juno went with him.

This restriction was the more necessary from the fact that the deep places were the ones which Georgie liked best to fish in, for it was in them

that fish were most likely to be found. The cunning rogues used to lie in ambush in these deep places, watching from under sunken logs, or from the cavities among the stones, for any chance grasshopper or fly that might fall upon the surface of the water from the bank above.

When Georgie stopped to fish in such a place Juno used to sit upon some log, or great flat-topped stone near by, and attend to the work she had brought with her; or she would sometimes occupy herself in reading a book.

Georgie often came to her at such times to help him out of some difficulty in regard to his fishing line. Juno was accustomed to improve these opportunities to teach Georgie his Sunday-school lesson, for you must know that Georgie was rather backward in his studies, having been sick, so that he could not read very well, and his Sunday-school lesson usually consisted of only a single verse, and sometimes only part of a verse, which was given to him by the teacher to learn during the week. Now, as Georgie could not read well enough to study his verse out of the book, Juno was obliged to teach it to him herself. The way she took to do this was very ingenious and very excellent. It was this:

She first learned the verse herself. Then she took occasion to repeat it a great many times to Georgie—only once, however, at a time—all through the first three days of the week, but with-

out asking Georgie to repeat it after her at all. Georgie heard the verse thus so many times during the first three days that, by Thursday, the sound of the words began to be familiar to him, and almost before he was aware of it he would find himself repeating them. Then, from that time, Juno would allow him to say them to her, and this she did so many times—though never more than once at a time, that by Saturday night the verse was perfectly familiar to him, and he could repeat it in his class the next day, without any faltering or any hesitation whatever.

Moreover, Juno, who was a very sensible girl, took care as far as possible to seize such occasions for repeating the verse as to impress the meaning of it upon Georgie's mind, and to give it a practical influence upon his conduct. How she did this you will see presently.

At the first place where Georgie commenced to fish, he got his line entangled. He brought it to Juno to be untangled.

Juno was sitting upon a green bank under a tree. As soon as Georgie gave her the line she began to untangle it, saying, at the same time, in a very distinct and deliberate manner,—

'The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated.'

Georgie stood by and listened.

Juno proceeded to disentangle the line, talking all the time with Georgie in a very sociable and friendly manner. At length when it was all clear, she said again, in the same distinct and deliberate manner,—

'The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated.'

Georgie then took his line and went to his fishing.

In a short time he heard a voice calling to him. He knew it at once as the voice of his Cousin James. James had come to Georgie's house for the express purpose of inviting him to go a fishing, and there, finding that Georgie had gone, he followed on, and was now coming down through the woods, to find him.

Georgie was at first very glad to see James coming, and for a time the boys went along the stream fishing together very amicably. But pretty soon little disputes began to arise. Georgie complained that James's line was too near his, and prevented the fish from biting. Then presently James saw a fish, and hastily put in his line at the place, calling out to Georgie at the same time, with a loud exclamation of delight. Georgie immediately ran, himself, to the place, and James told him to go away.

Whenever the dispute in such cases began to wax warm, Juno would call out to the boys to lay down their fishing-poles and come to her. They were trained to obey such commands very promptly. Besides, they liked to obey, for Juno generally,

whenever she called them thus to leave their play and come to her, took care to have something amusing to tell them, or something curious to show them.

When they came to her on this occasion, she would say,—

'First for the Sunday-school lesson. The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated.'

As she repeated the text, she would emphasize the words peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, in a very significant manner. Then she would add,—

'What an excellent text that is for boys to obey! And what good times boys would have at their plays, if they would all obey it!'

Then she would show them some very curious insect or flower which she had found in the grass, or some little bird's-nest in a bush, and after talking with them a few minutes in this way, she would once more deliberately repeat the Sunday-school lesson, and then send them back to their fishing. The influence of the lesson would be felt usually, in such cases, for a considerable time; and then, when at length they began disputing, Juno would call them to her again, as before.

Things went on in this way for about an hour. At the end of that time the party came to a place where there was a bridge across the stream, and a road. The boys were now tired of fishing,

and so they put up their lines and began to play about under the bridge, while Juno took her seat upon a flat stone on a bank by the road side, pretty near.

The boys concluded to play 'have a battle.' Their plan was to use for weapons in the combat, branches of a fir-tree, with the leaves and twigs left upon them so that they 'should not hurt.'

With a proper degree of judgment and discretion on the part of the combatants, this is a very harmless play, and affords very excellent exercise. But unfortunately most boys are not prepared to exercise the proper degree of judgment and discretion for such plays, and are almost sure, when they begin them, of sooner or later getting into difficulty. This was the case with Georgie and James. For a time indeed they went on playing very good-naturedly. They pursued each other around and under the bridge, and over and behind the big logs and stones, hitting each other many harmless whacks as they ran, with the leafy branches of the fir-tree.

At length, however, while in the midst of a fierce contest upon a big rock, which James had taken possession of, and called his fort, the play passed into earnest. They hit each other harder and harder, until at length Georgie, losing his self-control, turned his branch and struck James with the butt end of it, and hurt him severely. James, who was considerably smaller than Georgie, screamed aloud with the pain, and throwing down his branch.

went off as fast as he could go toward home, crying aloud all the way. Juno and Georgie both called to him and tried to persuade him to come back, but all in vain.

'He has left his fishing-line and all!' said Georgie.

Georgie took up carefully the pole and line which James had left, and brought it, together with his own, to the place where Juno was sitting upon the bank by the road side. On the way, however, he stopped a moment to look at two dogs that were coming down the road together, playing together as they came.

As soon as he reached the place where Juno was sitting, she closed her book and repeated the Sunday-school lesson,—

'The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated.'

Georgie seemed to feel a little self-condemned as he heard these words, but he said nothing.

Juno was silent, too. She seemed to be intently engaged in looking at the two dogs, that were then playing together in the road opposite to where she sat.

- 'What are you looking at, Juno?' asked Georgie. 'Those two dogs?'
- 'Yes,' said Juno, 'something very remarkable.'
- 'I don't see anything remarkable,' rejoined Georgie.

'A very remarkable phenomenon!' said June, as if speaking to herself, musing.

Juno did not know a great many hard words, but those that she did know she was very fond of using, in talking to Georgie.

'It is no phenomenon at all,' said Georgie.
'It is only two dogs playing. They are two of the town dogs. I know them both. One is named Tramp, and the other Tiger. The big one is Tramp.'

'There are those two dogs,' said Juno, still as it were talking to herself, 'that have got sense enough to play together by the hour without hurting each other in the least. See how they jump over each other and tumble each other about, and make believe bite each other. But they never bite hard enough to hurt, and Tramp when he throws Tiger down, does it so gently as not even to frighten him; and then he lets Tiger tumble him down, in his turn.'

Georgie watched the dogs, and saw that what Juno said was true, but he did not speak.

'And that is what I call a remarkable phenomenon,' continued Juno, 'that common town dogs should have sense enough to play hour after hour together, and not hurt each other in the least, while two boys can't tussle together ten minutes without getting into a quarrel.'

Georgie looked confused, and did not reply.

'It is Wednesday to-day,' added Juno, 'and to-

morrow will be the day for you to begin to say the Sunday lesson yourself. Do you think you can say it?'

'The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated.'

'Yes,' replied Georgie, 'I can say it now.'

'Try,' said Juno.

Georgie accordingly tried, and he repeated the verse very well.

'Ah!' said Juno, speaking in a tone of satisfaction and pleasure, 'that shows that you have listened always attentively when I have said the verse to you, or else you would not have learned to say it so well yourself. And now we will go home.'

So saying, Juno rose from her seat, and Georgie did the same, and they both together went out into the road. There Juno stopped a moment more to look at Tramp and Tiger. They were running together along a grassy path by the road side, tumbling under each other, and performing all sorts of harmless gambols by the way.

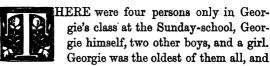
'Yes,' said Juno, 'yes;' nodding her head at the same time, as if to give emphasis to what she was saying. 'Yes; it certainly is very remarkable that the Spirit from above, in coming down to this world, should miss the boys and pass over to the dogs.'

Juno and Georgie walked on in silence for some minutes, and then Georgie, looking up, said,—

- 'Juno?'
- 'Well?' said Juno, inquiringly.
- 'Pll tell you what I am determined upon,' said Georgie.
 - 'What is it?' asked Juno.
- 'After this, whenever I play with James I will be as gentle as possible with him, and never hurthim in the least, and I'll do what he wants me to do as much as I can.'
- 'Ah!' exclaimed Juno, in a tone of great satisfaction; 'that is right. That is learning your Sunday-school lesson to some purpose.'

CHAPTER II.

IN THE GARDEN.



so the teacher depended upon him to set an example of manly good behaviour to the rest.

- 'Now, children,' said the teacher, towards the close of the school one day, 'the next lesson is very short, but it is very hard. It is the rest of the verse, "Without partiality and without hypocrisu."
 - 'It is only four words,' said Georgie.
- 'Five,' said the teacher, 'though one of them comes in twice. But they are very hard words, and so it will be quite a hard lesson.'
- 'I can say them,' said the girl. 'Without partiality and without hypocrisy.'
- 'Ah, it is not the saying of them that is hard,' said the teacher, 'it is the understanding of them and the learning to obey them.' It is not very easy, either, to learn to say them, because you will not only have to learn these five new words, but you

will have to begin at the beginning of the verse, and say the whole together.'

The children had learned the first part of the verse in two lessons before, and now they were to learn the last part. The whole verse was as follows:

'The wisdom which is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.'

Accordingly, during the first three days of the week, Juno took the opportunity to repeat to Georgie a great many times, in the intervals of his play, not only the last five words of the verse, but also the whole verse together, until at length Georgie's ear became very familiar with the sounds.

Juno did not attempt to explain the meaning of the words, 'without partiality and without hypocrisy,' at first, but waited until Georgie had come to know them perfectly. She knew very well that children took a much greater interest in learning the meaning of a word after it had become familiar to them in sound, than when it was entirely new to them.

Accordingly, for the first three days of the week she contented herself with repeating the words a great many times, but only once at each time, and always speaking the new words, 'partiality and hypocrisy,' very plainly, and in a very distinct manner, or, as it is commonly termed, emphasizing them strongly, so as to impress the sound of them well upon Georgie's ear, and fix it in his mind. She thought that in this way he would before long begin to feel some curiosity in respect to the meaning of the words, and perhaps that he would, of his own accord, ask her to explain them to him.

It turned out as she expected that it would. On Wednesday, while Juno was sitting upon a rustic seat under a tree in the garden, sewing, while Georgie had been for some time amusing himself in sailing boats in a large tub of water which stood in a corner of the garden, Georgie came to the place where she was sitting, and kneeled down at her side, upon a sort of lower step, which formed the foot-stool of Juno's seat.

'Well, Georgie,' said Juno, 'have you done sailing your boats?'

'No,' said Georgie. 'Besides, they are not boats, they are ships, and I have sent one of them to California for a load of gold, and I am waiting to give her time to come back.'

'That's an excellent voyage,' said Juno. Then, after a moment's pause, she added, 'Without partiality and without hypocrisy.'

Y Without partiality and without hypocrisy,' said Georgie, repeating the words of his own accord.

'Why, Georgie!' said Juno, as if surprised, 'you have learned the lesson already.'

'Yes,' replied Georgie, 'but I don't know what it means. What does "partiality" mean?'

'It means doing good only to ourselves, or to persons that we happen to like,' replied Juno. 'The verse says we must be full of mercy and of good fruits, that is, of doing good, without partiality. That is, we must be merciful and kind to all the people that we know, and not take dislikes to people, and find fault with them, and say we won't do anything for them, because we don't like them.

'I don't like Billy Jones,' said Georgie, speaking in a musing tone of voice.

'Then if you should have an opportunity to do him some good turn, and should refuse to do it because you don't like him, that would be showing partiality in your good fruits. I think you would do him a good turn if you had an opportunity. That is the way to be like God. He does not show partiality. There is a verse about it somewhere in the Bible. "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

- 'That's a pretty verse,' said Georgie.
- 'Yes,' said Juno, 'it is a very pretty verse.'
- 'I wish the teacher would give it to us for our lesson,' said Georgie.
 - 'Perhaps he will some day,' said Juno.

Georgie was silent a few minutes, pondering in his mind the question whether he should be willing or not to do a good turn to Billy Jones. But he had, for some reason or other, taken a very strong dislike to that boy, and the idea of having any kind. or friendly intercourse with him was very repugnant to his feelings, so he concluded to pass on to another topic.

'And hypocrisy,' said he, after a short pause; 'what does hypocrisy mean?'

'It means,' replied Juno, 'pretending to goodness and merit that you don't deserve. I can tell you a story about it if you like.'

'Well,' said Georgie, in a tone of great satisfaction, 'I should like to hear the story very much indeed. But first let me go and see if my ship has come back from California.'

The story which Juno had designed to relate to Georgie, as an illustration of hypocrisy, was one about himself. She, however, altered her mind about telling it to him, while he was gone to the tub, and concluded to substitute another in its place, one which she made up herself for the occasion. I will, however, give here the story which she first intended to tell, since the reasons which operated upon her mind to prevent her relating it to Georgie do not apply to the case of my writing it here for you to read. What those reasons were I shall explain by-and-by. The story itself was as follows:

It happened about a fortnight before the time I have been speaking of, that Georgie took a long ride in a carriage with Juno and his mother, a ride which took him about fifteen miles from home. The carriage was of a kind called a carryall. Juno

and Georgie, together with a boy from the livery stable, who was about twelve years old, and who came with the carriage as driver, occupied the front seat, which was open toward the horses, and commanded a fine view. Georgie sat between Juno and the driver-boy, who sometimes, when the road was straight and smooth, let him drive. Georgie's mother sat upon the back seat, which seat she had all to herself. She had a book, and when she became tired of looking at the scenery, she amused herself by reading.

At noon the party arrived at a small village among the mountains, where they were to dine, and then to return home in the afternoon. While the landlady of the tavern was getting the dinner ready, Georgie's mother sat at a window in a little back parlour, reading, and Georgie himself took his station upon the front piazza, to amuse himself by observing what was going on in the street.

Presently a boy came walking along, with some pond lilies in his hand. Georgie asked the boy to give him one, but the boy would not. He said there were plenty more in the pond, and that if Georgie wanted any he must go and get them himself.

- 'Where is the pond?' asked Georgie.
- 'It is out by Tom Cassidy's,' said the boy.
- 'Who is Tom Cassidy?' asked Georgie.
- 'He is a coloured man,' replied the boy, 'and he lives out there, about half a mile, close to the pond.'

Georgie was immediately seized with a strong desire to go out to this pond, after dinner, and gather some lilies, but he felt very much afraid that his mother would not give her consent to such a proposal if he were to make it directly, so he ingeniously contrived an indirect way of accomplishing his purpose.

He went to Juno and told her that there was a family of coloured persons living about half a mile distant from the tavern, and asked her if she would not like to go out and see them.

- 'If you do,' said he, 'I'll go with you after dinner. We shall have plenty of time while the horses are resting.'
 - 'What is the name of the family?' asked Juno.
 - 'Cassidy,' said Georgie; 'Tom Cassidy.'
- 'Cassidy?' repeated Juno; 'Cassidy? I know a girl very well that is named Lucinda Cassidy, and I should like to go and see her very much.'
 - 'Then let us go,' said Georgie.
- 'No,' replied Juno, 'I think it would not be convenient for your mother to let me go away and leave her alone here at this tavern. I should not like to ask her.'
- 'I'll ask her myself,' said Georgie; and off he ran.

He went to the little back parlour and there told his mother that he had found out that one of Juno's friends lived in that town, and that Juno would like very much to go and see her, but that

she would not ask to go, for fear that she could not conveniently be spared.

'She can go just as well as not,' said Georgie's mother, 'for we are going to stay here two hours after dinner, to let the horses rest. And you are a very good boy to take so much interest in finding ways to please Juno.'

'I thought you would like to have me tell you,' said Georgie.

So Georgie went back to Juno and told her that his mother had given her leave to go.

This was an example of hypocrisy. Georgic pretended to his mother and to Juno that his motive in wishing to get leave for Juno to go was a kind interest in her welfare, and not, as it really was, a desire of his own to procure some pond lilies.

Hypocrisy like this is very often successful, especially for the time being. It was so in this case. Georgie went with Juno to the place where Tom Cassidy lived, and there he saw the pond, and the pond lilies growing in the water. One of Tom Cassidy's boys went out in an old leaky boat which lay there near the shore, and brought in for Georgie half a dozen of the filies. Juno was not willing that Georgie should himself go out in the boat.

Juno found out what the true reason was why Georgie had been so much interested in obtaining his mother's consent to her making this visit, but she did not reproach him with it at the time. When, however, he asked what the word hypocrisy meant, she thought of this incident, and she at first concluded to make use of it as an illustration. The reason why she did not will be explained in the next chapter, which will also contain two stories which she substituted instead of it.

CHAPTER III.

JUNO'S TACT.



HE wisdom which is from above, that is, the wisdom which the Holy Spirit will diffuse in our hearts if we will but open them to his influences—is first

pure; that is, it will lead us first to see to it that we think and feel right, and keep clear from all sin ourselves: then peaceable, that is, ready to yield. rather than contend for all our rights, so as to live in harmony and peace with those around us, even if they sometimes do us wrong; gentle, full of mercy and good fruits, that is, full of pity for all who suffer, and ready to do all we can to relieve them and make them happy; without partiality, that is, without feeling dislikes and prejudices against particular persons, but willing to do good to all alike; and without hypocrisy, that is, without falsely pretending that we are acting from good feelings towards others, when we are really only contriving an ingenious way to gain some good for ourselves.

This was the verse which Georgie had been studying, and now Juno was going to tell him a

story to explain to him exactly what was meant by the last word in it, namely, hypocrisy.

But first I was to explain why Juno decided not to tell Georgie the story of his own management in the affair of the pond lilies, as related in the last chapter. The reason was this:

She made it a point, in all the conversations that she had with Georgie about his Sunday-school lessons, and in all other cases in fact when she undertook to give him any advice or instruction, to avoid as far as possible everything which could make the conversation disagreeable to him in any way. And in order to be the more sure of doing this, she took care never to make use of such occasions for finding fault with him, or reminding him. even indirectly, of any wrong which he had done. Being reproved for one's faults, though often necessary, is never agreeable, and when parents or Sunday-school teachers, or older children who have for a time the care and instruction of younger ones, mix up fault-finding in any form with their moral and religious instructions, or draw illustrations of the meaning of passages of Scripture from the bad conduct of the children, then the children soon learn to connect disagreeable ideas and associations with the advice and instructions which their teachers give them, and so learn to dislike them, and to dread to have the time come when they are to hear them, considering them to be, what in fact they often are, only reproofs and fault-finding in disguise.

Juno did not understand this, in theory, very well, that is, she had no distinct idea of the principle on which she acted, nor could she have expressed it well in words. She only felt it in her heart, and acted upon it as if it had been a kind of instinct. This kind of instinct is sometimes called tact.

It will be well for the readers of these stories to remember the principle, especially if there are any among them who ever have the charge of their younger brothers or sisters, and so have occasion to advise or instruct them. You must take care, as much as possible, not to have anything painful or disagreeable connected with such instructions; and above all things not to mix them up with scoldings or fault-findings on account of what the children have done that is wrong.

For example, one day Georgie told Juno a falsehood. He had been out playing in front of the house, and when he came in Juno thought, by the appearance of his shoes, that he had been across the road. He was not allowed, when he played in front of the house, to cross the road, on account of the danger of being run over by some passing cart or carriage, or by some horse galloping swiftly by. He was required to remain on the side-walk next the house, and on no account to go out into the road.

But on the day of which I am speaking he was enticed out into the road by a butterfly that came

flying by, and that he attempted to catch in his cap. The butterfly, after fluttering along before him over the side-walk a little way, Georgie after him, turned at length and went across the road, and Georgie, almost before he thought of it, was half across the road too. Finding that he had thus half broken the law, he concluded that he should not make the matter much worse by finishing the transgression; and so he went on in pursuit of the butterfly until at length the poor thing made its escape from him by flying over a high wall.

Then Georgie came back, and afterward, when he came into the house, and Juno, judging from the appearance of his shoes, suspected that he had gone out into the road, asked him if he had done so, he, being thus suddenly called upon, said 'no,' almost without having time to think that by so saying he was telling a lie.

'Let us go and see,' said Juno.

So she took Georgie by the hand and led him out to the front of the house, and there, after walking along a little way, she came to a damp place in the road, where Georgie had run over, and there were plainly to be seen the tracks which he had made in chasing the butterfly.

When she found the tracks she did not speak, but looked for a moment sorrowfully, first at the tracks and next at Georgie's shoes; and then at last turned about and led Georgie back again toward the house without saying a word.

Now, a great many persons in Juno's situation would have taken this opportunity to teach Georgie how wicked it was, and how displeasing to God. for such a child to tell a lie. But Juno had a different idea. 'I must teach Georgie how wicked it is to tell a lie,' she said to herself, 'but this is not the proper time for it. If I attempt to talk with him on that subject now, he will stand by sullen and out of humour, feeling guilty and ashamed, and nothing that I can say will reach his heart, or make any real impression upon him. The time for me to teach him how wicked it is to tell a lie, in such a way that he shall love and receive the teaching, will be on some occasion when he has told the truth, in a case in which he was strongly tempted to tell a lie.

Such a case occurred the very next day, and curiously enough this second case was one in which Georgie was led into difficulty by a butterfly. It happened that he was walking along in the garden, near a border which belonged to his mother, where a moss rose-bush, which his mother prized very highly, was growing, when all at once a beautiful mottled butterfly, adorned with black spots upon a golden yellow ground, came flying by. Georgie pulled off his cap and made a dash at the butterfly, but instead of catching him, the cap in its descent fell upon and broke off one of the prettiest buds on the moss rose-bush, one that was just bursting into flower. The bud fell over and huma

by the broken stem. Georgie tried to straighten it up again, but he could not make it stand.

Juno, who was sitting at her work not far off, seeing that Georgie suddenly stopped playing, and seemed very intent upon doing something near the rose-bush, called out to him to know what was the matter. Georgie immediately went to her and told her honestly what he had done.

'Now,' said Juno to Georgie, as soon as he had told her about the broken rose-bud, 'now is my chance.'

'Your chance?' repeated Georgie, as if not knowing what Juno meant.

'Yes,' said Juno, 'it is a most excellent chance for me. I'll tell you what for by-and-by. But first go and tell your mother that you have broken her rose-bud, and how you did it; and ask her if you shall cut it off entirely and carry it in to her.'

So Georgie went into the house and did as Juno had recommended. His mother did not seem so much disturbed by the accident as Georgie had feared. She gave him a pair of scissors to cut off the stem with, and when he brought in the rosebud to her she put it in water.

When Georgie returned to Juno in the garden again, and asked her what she meant by 'her chance,' she told him that it was a chance to tell him something. She had been waiting, she said, for a time when he should be honest enough to tell the truth, in a case where he was tempted to tell a

lie, and now the time had come. She would tell him what it was that she wished to explain to him, she said, that night after he went to bed.

Accordingly, that night, after Georgie had said his prayers, Juno took her seat by his bed-side, as she was often accustomed to do, and began by telling him how fortunate it was for him that he told the truth about the rose-bud, instead of telling a lie; and then went on to say how God loved the truth and hated lies, and she read several passages in the Bible that related to that subject, and explained them. Georgie listened to what she said with great satisfaction and pleasure. His conscience being undisturbed and his mind at peace, he was prepared to receive all that Juno taught him and to enjoy and love it, and he went to sleep determined that he would never tell another lie as long as he lived, whatever the temptation might be.

Thus it is generally best to take; as an occasion for teaching children the hatefulness of any particular sin, not a time when they have committed the sin, but rather a time when, by divine grace, they have resisted the temptation and avoided the sin. For then they will listen to you with pleasure, and love to hear what you have to say, and the truth, being welcomed to their hearts, will make a strong and permanent impression.

It is the same in respect to all the faults of children. The way to cure these faults is not to scold the children when they commit them, and

tell them how bad it is in them to do so, but to praise them when they do not commit the fault, and tell them how bad it would have been if they had done so.

I do not mean that it is never well to reprove children for their faults, for it sometimes is necessary to do so. And it is sometimes necessary to show them the guilt of sin when they have fallen into it. But these cases are exceptions. The other mode of proceeding is in all ordinary cases much the most effectual.

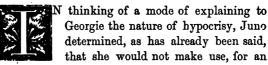
Juno did not understand this very well in theory, but she had a sort of feeling in her heart that this was the best way. Accordingly, in explaining to Georgie the meaning of the word hypocrisy, she would not take for an illustration an example of hypocrisy from Georgie himself, but made up some stories of her own, so as not even to seem to be finding fault with Georgie, while giving him religious instructions.

Juno had a great deal of tact.

What the stories were which she made up, to show the nature of hypocrisy, will be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

JUNO'S STORY OF THE LITTLE HYPOCRITE.



illustration, of any example of hypocrisy which she might have observed in Georgie's own conduct, because she did not wish to awaken any feelings in his mind which should interfere with his receiving kindly and adopting cordially the principle which she wished to impress upon him.

It is very true that it is sometimes necessary to reprove children for their faults, and to awaken in their minds feelings of compunction and distress at the thought of having committed them. But the time when we have to do this is not a favourable time for explaining to them something that they do not understand, or for recommending to them a moral principle which we wish them to receive and adopt as their own future rule of duty. For in order that they may readily receive and love what we teach them, they must be, at the time, in a calm, quiet, and happy state of mind.

The first story which Juno told to Georgie, to enable him to understand the nature of hypocrisy, was this. She told it to him one day when they were taking a long walk together in the wood. There was no road where they were going, but only a cow-path. Georgie had a small tin pail in his hand, in which he was going to bring home some polliwogs out of a pond in the woods, to put in his aquarium. I will tell you about his aquarium some time or other.

- 'Once there was a boy,' said Juno, commencing her story, 'and his name was Jeremiah.'
 - 'Jeremiah what?' asked Georgie.
 - 'Jeremiah Whipstock,' answered Juno.
- 'Juno gave Jeremiah the name of Whipstock on the spur of the moment, for the whole story was one which she had made up, and she had not thought of any surname for Jeremiah until Georgie asked for it. She always gave odd and queer names to the boys and girls that she told stories about, having observed that the more whimsical the names were, the more Georgie was amused.
- 'Jeremiah used very often to take rides with his father and mother,' continued Juno. 'Sometimes he went with them, and sometimes his sister Isabella went. Only one of them could go at a time, because there was not room for both in their father's chaise.
- 'It was a four-wheeled chaise that Mr Whip-stock rode in, and besides the great seat for

Jeremiah's father and mother, there was also a small and lower one in front and between, which could be turned up and let down at pleasure. This small seat was for Jeremiah or Isabella.

'Jeremiah had a pair of reins, made of a kind of braid, and when he rode with his father and mother, he sometimes took them with him in order to drive, as he called it. The forward ends of his reins were fastened to the brass eyes upon the collar, which the real reins passed through to go to The other ends of the reins were brought the bits. into the chaise, and Jeremiah would hold them. Then when they came to a smooth and level place in the road, Jeremiah's father would hang up the ends of the real reins upon a hook over his head, and Jeremiah would imagine that he was driving. He had a little whip, too, that he used to whip at the horse with, though the lash did not reach any farther than to whip the fender.'

'Was Jeremiah really driving?' asked Georgie.

'No,' replied Juno. 'He would pull his reins now and then, and flap them and whip, but as the reins only reached the harness, and the whip only to the fender, the horse did not take any notice of either, but went on in his own way along the smooth and level road.'

"But he thought he was driving,' said Georgie.

'Yes,' replied Juno, 'he thought he was driving.'

'Then they deceived him,' said Georgie.

'Yes,' said Juno, 'they deceived him.'

To be strictly accurate, it would have been better if Juno had said that they allowed him to deceive himself.

- 'Then I don't think that they did right,' said Georgie.
- 'Perhaps not,' replied Juno. 'I only tell you what they did, I don't say whether they did right or wrong. You can think just as you like about that.'
- 'One day,' continued Juno, going on with her story, 'when Jeremiah was taking a ride with his father and mother, the horse came to a place where a brook crossed the road under a bridge, and the horse seemed to want to go down to the water to get a drink. But Mr Whipstock did not like to drive through the brook, and so he told the horse that he would let him stop at the next farmer's and have a drink out of a tub.
- 'So when they came to the farmer's they turned aside and stopped at the tub. The tub was always kept full of water by means of a spout which poured out a continual stream into it from a post. There was an aqueduct which came into this post from under-ground.
- 'While the horse was drinking, the farmer himself came out from a barn close by, and began talking with Mr Whipstock about a cow that he had to sell. After a time he spoke to Jeremiah, and said,—

- "Well, my little sonny, how are you? You are the driver, it seems."
- 'Then he turned round and called to a boy named Tom, who was standing in the barn-door.
- "Tom," says he, "go into the house and get an apple, one of the rosy honey-dews, and bring it here. The biggest that you can find."
- 'So Tom ran into the house, and soon returned with a very large, rosy-cheeked apple, and the farmer put it into Jeremiah's hands. Jeremiah dropped his reins to take it.
- "Have you got a brother or sister at home?" says the farmer.
 - "I've got a sister," says Jeremiah.
- "Then, Tom," says the farmer, "go in and get another apple."
- 'So Tom brought another apple, and the farmer gave it to Jeremiah, telling him that he might give one of the apples to his sister and keep one him-Jeremiah put the apples away upon the seat behind his mother, to keep them safe until he got home, and then took up his reins again.
- 'But before he put the apples away, in fact, before Tom brought the second apple, his eye fell accidentally upon a small worm-hole in the end of the first apple, at the place where the blossom had The hole was partially concealed by the withered remains of the blossom. Still Jeremiah could see it, and he knew by it that the apple was The second apple was somewhat smaller wormy.

than the first, but Jeremiah, after examining it carefully, convinced himself that it was sound. So he determined to give the first apple to Isabella, and keep the second one for himself. He also determined, very cunningly, that while he thus gratified his own selfishness he would do it in such a way as to get credit for generosity.

- 'So after riding on a little way, in silence, he said,—
- "Mother, I am going to give Isabella the biggest apple."
- "Are you?" says his mother. "That will be generous in you, and I am very glad. It is much more noble to deal generously by your sister than it is to be selfish and look out only for yourself."
- "Yes, mother," said Jeremiah, "I thought you would like to have me give her the biggest, and so I am going to do it."
- 'Accordingly, when Jeremiah reached home, he showed the two apples to Isabella, and said that he was going to give the biggest of them to her. In giving it to her he was careful to hold it so that she should not see the worm-hole. He then put his own apple away in his chest, intending to eat it all by himself some day.
- 'What do you think of that?' asked Juno, when she had finished the story.
- 'I think he was a very bad boy,' replied Georgie.
 - 'Yes,' said Juno, 'I call him a little hypocrite.

His wishing to get the sound apple for himself, and to put off the wormy one upon his sister, was selfishness; and his pretending that it was out of generosity toward Isabella, and a desire to please his mother, that he did it, was hypocrisy.'

Juno had another story to tell Georgie in illustration of the nature of hypocrisy, but she did not have time to tell it to him now, for soon after the first story was finished the pond came into view, and Georgie ran forward to find the polliwogs.

Georgie had excellent luck in collecting that day, for he got ten polliwogs, two shining bugs, a skipper, and three minnows. All these he secured in his tin-pail, which he had previously filled about half full of water, so that he might carry them home to put into his aquarium.

CHAPTER V.

JUNO'S STORY OF JIPSIE AND JIP.



NE of the stories which Juno related to Georgie, in order to explain to him what the word hypocrisy meant in the verse which says that 'the wisdom

from above is full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy,' was what she called the story of Jipsie and Jip.

She told him this story as they were walking along together through the woods, coming home from the expedition which they had made to the pond in the woods in order to obtain polliwogs, little fishes, skippers, and other such animals, for Georgie to put in his aquarium.

Georgie had secured the animals, and now he was bringing them home, in his little tin pail which he held in his hand. There was a cover upon the pail to prevent the water and the animals from being spilled out.

The animals were, in fact, kept from actually being jolted out of the pail by means of the cover, but they were so much shaken about within it, by the swinging of Georgie's arm, and the oscillations and other sudden movements of his body, as he walked along, that they could not tell what to make of it. They could not imagine where they were, or what was going to happen to them.

They were very much perplexed, too, with the darkness which had come upon them so suddenly; for the cover was shut down so closely that there was not a crevice left for the least gleam of light to get in. It was darker than any of the animals had ever known it to be before, even in the darkest nights.

'Once there was a girl,' said Juno, beginning her story, 'and her name was Jipsie.'

'That's a funny name,' said Georgie.

'Yes,' said Juno, 'and what is funnier still she had a little dog named Jip. She and her dog were almost always together, and when the other children saw them coming, they used to say, "Here comes Jipsie and Jip."

'What kind of a dog was it?' asked Georgie.

'It was a small black dog,' Juno said, 'with a glossy back and long silken ears. Instead of a collar Jipsie put a ribbon round his neck, and tied it in a bow under his chin.

'Jipsie's father bought the dog for her, and paid half a dollar for him. That was a good deal for him to pay, for he was not rich. He was a carpenter and worked by the day. He had a dollar and a half a day for his work, and it took the whole of the dollar every day to pay the necessary

expenses of the family. So that to buy Jip it used up all the savings of a whole day's hard work, from morning to night.

'Jipsie ought to have thought of this, and to be thankful to her father for the long day's work there was in Jip. But instead of this she was discontented because Jip had not any collar. A collar would cost half a dollar more, that is another long day's work, from her father. But her father had other things to buy with the savings of the other day's work, and so he told her he could not afford to buy Jip a collar.

'Jipsie was very much out of humour at this, and for several days she was very cross.

'At last one day, when she was going through the village with Jip, she saw another dog, belonging to a boy that she knew, and this other dog had a very pretty brass collar round his neck, with the name of the dog and the name of the boy cut upon it, in very pretty letters, and a padlock to fasten it below.

'Jipsie at first felt very much pleased to see this collar, and then she began to feel very much displeased, and very cross, to think that she had no collar for her dog.

"I must have such a collar for Jip," she said, "and you see if I don't contrive some way to get one."

'The boy told her that he thought the ribbon round Jip's neck looked very pretty, and he

thought it was almost as pretty as a collar. But Jipsie said that a ribbon was not good for anything at all. She could not have Jip's name on it, she said, nor her own, so that if he got lost at any time the people that found him would not know who he belonged to.

"Besides," she said, "a ribbon fastened with a knot is no safety. Anybody could untie the knot, or cut the ribbon with a pair of scissors."

'So she said she must have a collar for her dog, and she was determined to contrive a way to get one. The way that she concluded to try was hypocrisy. That is a way by which people very often get what they want in this world.'

'How did she do it?' asked Georgie.

'She did it by pretending to be very good,' said Juno. 'Her father used to come home every night from his work wheeling his tools home upon a wheelbarrow. He would stop at the shop-door and put his tools in, and then put the wheelbarrow away in the place where it belonged, under a stoop; and then he would come into the house, and put on his slippers, and take his seat by the corner of the fire, in a big chair, and read the newspaper, while his wife was getting supper ready. Sometimes Jipsie would interrupt and trouble him a good deal while he was reading, by making a noise in playing with Jip, and he would often have to speak to her several times before she would be still.

- 'But now she determined to be an excellent good girl, and try to please her father as much as she could, and then ask him for some money to buy a collar.
- 'So she went to the shop-door when the sun went down, and waited there till her father came. The shop was very near the house, just across a pretty yard, with one door on the street and one door on the yard. Jipsie waited at the street door of the shop, and when her father came she told him that she would put the tools in for him, and that he might go into the house at once.
- "Oh, you can't put them in, Jipsie," says her father.
- "Oh, yes I can, father," says Jipsie, "I can put them in just as well as not. I'll put them all carefully on the bench, and then I'll wheel the wheelbarrow away. You have been working hard all day and I know you must be very tired, so you can go into the house and read your newspaper. I've put the slippers there all ready for you."
- 'Jipsie's father could not imagine what had happened to make his girl so good all at once. He would not leave her to put the tools in alone, but he let her help him; and when they were all carried in, and the wheelbarrow was put in its place, he went into the house, and there he found his chair placed all ready by the chimney-corner, with the newspaper in it, and his slippers on the hearth close by.

'Jipsie came in with him, and when he began to read his paper, she sat down in the other corner, and took her sewing and began to work, and made Jip lie down quietly at her feet.

'It was something very extraordinary for Jipsie to take her work, of her own accord, and her father wondered what it could mean.

"Jipsie," said he, "what a good girl you are! I shall have a nice time reading my newspaper."

"Yes, father," said Jipsie, "I knew you would like to have me be still, and so I am going to be as still as I can."

'The little hypocrite!'

'Yes,' said Georgie, 'she was a hypocrite, I think. But did she get her collar by it?'

'No,' said Juno. 'I'll explain to you presently how it happened, but first you had better sit, down here on this stone and see if all your polliwogs and wrigglers are alive.'

So Georgie sat down upon a stone by the wayside and took off the lid from the tin pail. This let in a sudden flood of light upon the animals, and set them all to swimming about in the most active manner.

'Yes,' said Georgie, 'they are all alive.'

'But now,' he continued, 'tell me about the collar. Why did not Jipsie get it?'

'Ah, she repented of her hypocrisy that night,' said Juno. 'You see it was Saturday night, and always on Saturday night her mother used to teach

her a verse, to say at the Sunday-school the next day. Now it happened that the verse that evening was this:

"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

'Jipsie said this verse a good many times to her mother, and after she went to bed the meaning of it came to her mind. She thought that though she might deceive her father by a false outward appearance, God could not be deceived in that way, but would look straight into her heart, and would see and understand all her cunning and hypocrisy. So she determined to give up the attempt to get a collar for Jip in that way, and to be a good girl thenceforth from an honest motive.

'She was afterwards glad, on the whole, not to have a collar for Jip, for fear that it would wear away the hair in some degree from his smooth and glossy neck. The hair on his neck was so soft and silken that she could not bear to have it worn away, even for the sake of a collar with names engraved on it.'

CHAPTER VI.

JUNO'S AQUARIUM.

HE story of the aquarium which Juno made for Georgie, was this:

One day when Georgie was taking a ride with his mother, they came to a

great gate-way, under some trees, which opened from the main road to the private grounds of a very handsome country house. Georgie's mother directed the coachman to turn in at this gate-way, saying that she was going to make a call upon the lady that lived in that house, who was a friend of hers.

So the coachman drove in, and went up by a winding avenue to the house, and Georgie and his mother descended from the carriage and went in. While his mother was engaged in conversation with the lady of the house, in the parlour, a young girl named Josephine took Georgie out into a back hall, to show him her aquarium.

Although Georgie had never heard of an aquarium, and had not the least idea what it looked like, he was very glad to go and see it, notwithstanding. Indeed, I think he was all the more

interested in going to see it, from the fact that it was something that he had never heard of.

Josephine conducted him out through a side door which led from the parlour into a handsome passage-way, where there were a great many pretty pictures hanging upon the walls. The passage led to a sort of back entry or hall, where the sun came in very pleasantly at a large window. By the side of the window was a door leading out upon a piazza. The door was open, and Georgie, looking out as he passed by, could see the piazza, which was shaded beautifully by woodbines and honey-suckles growing up over trellises built between the columns.

At the window there was a bird cage which hung suspended from a hook fastened into the casing above. There were two canary birds in this cage, but Georgie did not stop to look at them, partly because the cage was hung up too high, and partly because his attention was more strongly attracted to the aquarium, which stood upon a small table below.

The aquarium was an oblong box, with sides and ends of glass, so that Georgie could look in and see what there was inside. The box was large enough to take up about half the space of the window; still there was sufficient room for Georgie to pass by it and sit down upon the window-seat, where he could see perfectly well.

The aquarium was nearly full of water, and in

the water there were a great many little fishes and various other 'live things,' as Georgie called them, all swimming and crawling about. The bottom of it was covered with gravel and pebbles, and upon these were a number of plants that looked like seaweed. In one corner there were tufts of beautiful green sprigs growing up half way to the top of the water. Some of the fishes were nibbling these sprigs, and others were swimming about among them; and on one side, four or five little snails were crawling up on the glass. They had no legs, and Georgie wondered how they could crawl. He watched one of them a long time, and saw plainly that he moved slowly along, but Georgie could not possibly imagine how he did it.

Georgie remained watching the movements of the animals in the aquarium a long time, and at length, when his mother had finished her call, and sent for him to come, he left the place very reluctantly. On his way home he related to his mother what he had seen, and begged her to get him an aquarium. But all that he could get her to promise was that she 'would see about it.'

When, however, he came to tell the story to Juno, she said that she would get him an aquarium.

'Good!' exclaimed Georgie, clapping his hands. 'A real one?'

'Why not exactly a real one,' said Juno, 'that is, not such an one as Josephine's. But I can make you one that will do very well to begin with, and

if you like it, and don't get tired of it, and don't make any trouble with it, then, perhaps, your mother will get you a better one by-and-by.'

So Juno went to the china closet, and there from the top of a high shelf she took down a pretty large glass jar. It was a jar that preserved peaches had once been in. When the peaches were all eaten, the jar had been washed clean, and the tin cover replaced, and then the jar had been put upon the high shelf in the china closet, where Juno now found it.

Juno carried the jar out to the back piazza, and set it upon a small table that she placed there for it in a corner. The situation of it was very convenient for Georgie to see everything in it, when it should be filled.

'This aquarium is round, and the one you saw was square,' said Juno, 'but that will not make any great difference. Now we must go and get something to put in it. We must have some pebble-stones for the bottom, and some water-grass, and some water; and then as many little animals as we can find. Perhaps you can get some fishes for it.'

So Juno brought a tin pail with a cover on it, and a long-handled tin mug or dipper. This mug was to dip up the animals with. She also brought a small basket to bring home the pebbles in.

Juno and Georgie then took a walk down into the woods behind the garden, and first gathered up some pebbles from the bottom of the brook. Georgie put the pebbles in the basket, and then began to look into the water for animals.

He found a few animals, but not many, for the water ran too swiftly in the brook for animals to live there in peace, so after a while Juno proposed that they should go to the pond.

The pond was at a considerable distance farther in the woods. The way to it was by a cow-path, which went winding in among rocks and bushes for a quarter of a mile. The pond was small, and the water in it was still. This allowed plants to grow and animals to thrive and multiply, and here Georgie found a large number of specimens. dug up some plants from the mud at the margin of the pond, and put them into the bottom of his pail. Then with the dipper he fished up all the little wriggling bugs and 'spinrounds' that he could see in the water, and a number of crawling things which he saw on the bottom. He had always been afraid of such wriggling and crawling and spinning things as these, and had thought them very ugly: but now that he wanted them for his aquarium, he began to consider them as very curious, and he tried to find and catch as many of them as he could.

At last he thought he had got enough. So he put the cover upon his pail, and then taking the pail in one hand and the basket of pebbles and gravel in the other, he set out on his return home.

June carried the long-handled mug for him, as both his own hands were full.

When they reached home, Juno first put the pebbles and the gravel in the bottom of the jar, taking care to let them down carefully, so as not to break the glass. Then she put the roots of watergrass in, and after that she poured the water in from the tin pail, animals and all. The poor things seemed somewhat astonished at first to find themselves going over such a cascade as the water made in being poured out from the pail, and afterward in whirling round and round so swiftly in the But they soon recovered from their fright, and began swimming—all that could swim—in the water, while the others went crawling to and fro over the pebbles on the bottom, just as if they were in their native pond.

After this, Georgie went into the woods with Juno a great many times, and brought back a great many animals for his aquarium, and very often he found new ones which he had not seen before. He was always particularly pleased when he found any new ones.

Juno named all the different kinds for him, just as Adam named the various animals that came around him in the garden of Eden. Juno's names were not very scientific, but they were much easier to speak and to remember than the learned Latin words which are found in books. Among the principal things in the aquarium, which Juno thus

named, besides minnows and polliwogs, there were what she called wigglers and skipjacks, and twirligigs and waggletails. There was one very curious little thing that Georgie found in one corner of the pond, several days after he commenced his collection, that moved about with such strange and indescribable jerks and wrigglings, that Juno named him jumpjiggle.

There was a cover which belonged over the jar, and when the water and the animals were in, Georgie put the cover on. This cover was of tin, but it was coated with some kind of varnish, of a light-yellow colour, which gave it somewhat the appearance of brass. It had a margin about half an inch broad, which formed the edge of it, and came down over the neck of the jar. Juno said that she thought it would be a good plan to have a motto for the aquarium, to be written prettily upon a strip of blue paper, and gummed around the edge of the cover.

Georgie approved of this plan very cordially. So that evening, just before Georgie went to bed, Juno took the Bible and a Concordance, which is a book by means of which you find where any particular text is that you wish to see.

'We must find some verse about the wonderful works of God,' said Juno. 'Don't you think those animals are very wonderful?'

'Yes,' said Georgie, 'I think they are very wonderful indeed.'

- 'And, what wonderful contrivances God has made for them,' said Juno, 'to paddle about in the water with! Ah! here is a verse!'
- "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"
- 'That's a good motto,' said Georgie, 'only these little bugs and things are *small* and marvellous.'
- 'Here's another verse,' said Juno, reading from another part of the Bible:
- "" Oh, Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."
 - 'That would do very well indeed,' said Georgie.
- 'Here's another,' said Juno. 'It is from the account of the creation:'
- "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life."
- 'That's it,' said Georgie. 'That's exactly the thing.'

Juno herself liked this verse the best. So she wrote it out in a very plain and legible manner, upon a narrow slip of bright blue paper, and then gummed the slip around the edge of the cover.

Sometimes Georgie took the cover of his aquarium off, so as to let the rays of the sun come in directly upon the surface of the water, though he shaded the side of the jar, in order to prevent too great a glare of light and heat for the animals within. He used to watch the motions and gambols of the animals a great deal, especially on

rainy days when he could not go out to play. On pleasant days he often went to the brook and to the pond to bring new specimens, so that the aquarium amused him a great deal.

There was one thing very curious about this aquarium, and that was that when Georgie looked in at his animals through the top of the jar where he saw them through the upper surface of the water, which was level and flat, they all looked of their natural and proper size; but when he looked at them through the side of the jar, where the glass was rounding, they looked greatly magnified as they came swimming by, one after the other. Thus by looking through the side of the jar he found that he had an aquarium and a microscope all in one.

CHAPTER VII.

JUNO'S WAY OF ANSWERING QUESTIONS.



ANY persons complain of children for asking so many questions about every thing they see and hear. They find it very difficult, too, sometimes, to an-

swer the questions; and very often, when some poor little fellow, who is earnest to find out as much as he can about the strange things that he sees and hears around him in the world so new that he finds himself living in, and which are all so wonderful to him, instead of getting kind and civil answers, and the help and information that he needs, he often meets with some harsh rebuff from an older brother or sister whom he is playing with, and who, having lived so much longer than he has, might, if they chose, give him information which would afford him much satisfaction, and be very useful to him.

One excuse which older brothers and sisters sometimes make for their pettishness on these occasions is, that the children ask questions which they cannot answer. They don't know themselves, they say. But it will almost always be found in such

cases that they know something more in respect to what the children ask about than the children themselves do, and if they would only tell that something, it would be all that would be required.

In fact, it is generally very easy to answer children's questions, no matter how difficult the questions themselves may seem to be, provided you only know the secret, which consists chiefly in this, namely: in being contented to give the children as little information on the point as they are contented to receive. When they come to us with an inquiry, what they desire in answer to it is, not a complete philosophical explanation of the subject, but one or two simple truths, just sufficient to extend their ideas and conceptions a little way.

Juno understood this, not theoretically, it is true, nor scientifically, as it is explained above, but practically, and by a sort of instinct. Thus there were a great many questions, which, if they had been brought by an educated man to some profound philosopher, would have puzzled the philosopher exceedingly, but which, when asked of Juno by Georgie, did not puzzle her at all, and she gave Georgie what he considered very full and satisfactory answers to them. For example, if Prof. Agassiz were to be asked to explain to an audience at a lecture what makes trees grow, he might find it very difficult to know what to say. But when Georgie came to Juno with that question, one day in the woods, she found no difficulty in it at all.

She was sitting upon a smooth log on the shady side of a copse of small firs, while Georgie was playing about among the tall trees which grew there in the forest. She herself was employed in sewing, her work-basket lying on the log by her side, while Georgie was amusing himself by riding about on the mossy ground, under the trees, upon a long spreading branch which he had found, and which served him for a horse. The spreading part of the branch, which dragged upon the ground behind him, was the horse's tail.

The horse pranced about a great deal, and his rider seemed to find some difficulty in controlling him, but at length Georgie brought him to a stand, and stopped to take breath.

A moment afterward he called out to Juno, whose seat was at some little distance from where he was resting—

- 'Juno,' said he, 'do you know about trees?'
- 'Yes,' said Juno, 'I know all about them.'
- 'Then, what makes trees grow?' asked Georgie.
- 'The roots,' said Juno.

Georgie looked up into the top of a tall tree that was standing near him, and then down upon the ground, where he saw the roots spreading about in all directions from the foot of the stem.

- 'And what makes the roots grow?' asked Georgie.
 - 'The sun and the rain,' said Juno.
 - 'Oh!' said Georgie, speaking in a tone of satis-

faction, as if now he understood the subject. His horse now all at once seemed to grow restive and impatient, and Georgie let him go, and for several minutes he raced about at full speed. Presently Georgie came to a halt again, and looked up into the top of the tree.

'Juno,' said he, after a moment's pause, 'what makes the branches grow?'

'Buds,' said Juno. 'The branches begin in the little buds that come out on the tree when it is small, and then grow bigger and bigger.'

'Oh!' said Georgie, 'now I understand it.' So saying, he whipped up his horse, and went galloping round and round among the trees again.

Georgie liked to ask Juno questions, because she never rebuffed him, but always returned him some kind of an answer; and the answer always gave him some information, though usually very little. But a very little was all that he wanted each time. He could not have taken in a great deal, even if Juno had been able to offer it to him.

Presently he said he had rode horse-back long enough, and so he put his horse in the stable (a dark and very shady place under the firs of the little copse near Juno's log served for the stable) and then came and sat down by Juno's side.

'Juno,' said he, 'see how tall these trees are. What makes them grow so tall?'

'Because they have been growing such a long

time,' said Juno; 'they have been growing a great many years.'

- 'A thousand years?' asked Georgie.
- 'Guess again,' said Juno.
- 'A hundred years,' said Georgie, venturing another guess.
- 'That's about right,' said Juno. 'I suppose that some of the trees in these woods have been growing about a hundred years. That gives them time to grow very tall.'
- 'How much do they grow every year?' asked Georgie.
- 'About so much,' said Juno, 'or so much, or so much,' measuring different distances with her hands, from six inches to two feet. Juno did not know very definitely what the usual annual growth of forest trees was, but she had some vague and general ideas on the subject, and these she could communicate. This was just what Georgie wanted, for before he asked the question he had no ideas on the subject at all. For aught he knew about it, trees might shoot up half their whole height in a single year, and the other half the next year; or, like cornstalks, they might have grown their whole length in a single season.

Juno's answers to Georgie's questions were not always as brief as those she gave in this case. She made her answers long or short, and more or less explanatory, according to the circumstances of the case, and the state of mind Georgie was in on each occasion. When his mind was disengaged, and he was quiet and still, she made her explanations longer, though she was in all cases careful not to attempt too much at any one time. While he was prancing about on his horse, she gave very brief answers to the questions; but now that he was tired of riding, and was sitting quietly by her side, she was prepared to reply a little more fully to any inquiries that he might make. He sat musing for a little time, and then he said:

'Juno, what is the bark for on a tree?'

'It is a kind of a coat for it,' said Juno.

'Does it keep it warm in the winter?' asked Georgie.

'I should not wonder if it did,' said Juno.
'And then, besides, the bark keeps the tree from getting hurt.'

'Oh, Juno!' said Georgie, 'a tree could not be hurt.'

'Yes,' said Juno; 'there is one part of the tree which is very tender, the part right next to the bark, where all the growing of the tree is done. There is a new layer of wood begun every spring all around the outside of the tree, next to the bark. The new layer is very juicy and tender while it is growing, and if it were not covered over by the bark, the cattle in the woods would rub against it and spoil the growing.'

Juno always had plenty of brief answers and simple explanations like these to give to all the

questions which Georgie asked her. Sometimes, in reply to his inquiries, she answered that she did not know; but this very seldom happened, because, however little she might know in respect to any subject that excited Georgie's curiosity, she almost always knew more than Georgie did, and it was precisely this, namely, what she knew and he did not know, that he was most interested in learning.

Juno acted on the same principles in answering Georgie's religious questions, especially those which arose from his lessons at the Sunday-school. How she did this will be explained more fully in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

JUNO'S STORY OF MOSES IN THE BULKUSHES.



EORGIE had two kinds of lessons given him at his Sunday-school, lessons to learn, as he called them, and stories. The lessons to learn were short passages

of Scripture, which he was to commit to memory and repeat word for word. The stories were much longer passages, consisting each of some interesting narrative, which Juno was to read and explain to him, and he was to impress the particulars upon his mind, so as to be able to answer any questions which the teacher might ask, or even, in some cases, relate the story himself in his own language.

As all the class had always the same lesson, when Georgie had a story-lesson to learn, all the other boys had one too; and as there were none in his class that could read very well, they were all dependent for the means of understanding and learning the story upon help which they could obtain from their parents, or older brothers or sisters, or other persons in the family. Some of them could not obtain much help in this way, everybody at home being too busy to attend to

them.; and so they came to school on Sunday without knowing much about the lesson. There was one boy named Hubert who had a very hard time to find anybody to read and explain his lesson to him. But Georgie, of course, never met with any difficulty on this account. Juno had a regular plan, which worked excellently well, and so Georgie was always well prepared.

Juno's method in respect to Georgie's lessons was this: The first thing was to study the lesson herself. She had some books which Georgie's mother had placed at her disposal for this purpose, a commentary in several volumes, a Bible, a book of maps, and a Bible-dictionary. These books she kept upon a small set of shelves that were fastened against the wall, between the head of the bed and her window in her room.

She had a small table before the window, and a chair; and there she used to study the lesson before attempting to teach it to Georgie. She studied it always on Sunday afternoon, the same day on which the lesson was given out.

While she was studying it, Georgie was not to speak a word to her. He might remain in her room if he chose, amusing himself with looking at pictures in certain picture-books that she gave him, or he might go out and ramble about in the green yard, and gather the flowers that he found growing in the grass, or amuse himself in scrutinizing the forms or watching the movements of the insects

that he discovered here and there hid away under stones, or creeping about upon walls or fences in the sun. Since Georgie had had an aquarium, he had become greatly interested in finding insects of all kinds, and in watching their movements and operations.

As soon as Juno had finished studying the lesson herself, she put the books away upon the shelves again, and then she went out to teach it to The process of teaching it to him con-Georgie. sisted of three distinct steps. First, she related the story to him in her own language, in order to give him a general idea of it. Then she read it to him from the Bible, and answered all the questions that he asked about the meanings of words and other things, and finally she played it. Georgie liked all three of these modes of instruction, but he liked the last, playing the lesson, as he and Juno called it, best of all. Indeed, he used sometimes to play a lesson over a great many times during the week. How he and Juno managed in doing this will be explained by-and-by.

The first thing was to relate the story in her own language, and in doing this, when the weather was pleasant, Juno used to take Georgie to walk with her out into the garden, and from the garden out through the back gate which led into the woods, and by a little path through the woods down to the brook, which flowed there at the bottom of the glen. She carried a small Bible with her on such

occasions, with a mark in at the lesson, in order that, after having related the story to him in her own language, as they walked along the path, she might afterward sit down with him upon some log, or flat stone, or step, and read the narrative in the Scripture language.

The first thing was, however, to relate the story in her own language. She began as soon as she and Georgie had passed through the gate which led into the garden. Georgie stopped to shut the gate, and then ran on and took hold of Juno's hand, and she commenced as follows:

'Once upon a time, a great many years ago, there was a princess who lived in a country where there was a beautiful river. The country was very beautiful, too, and the river ran through the whole length of it, for hundreds and hundreds of miles.

'The shores of the river were very pretty near her father's palace, and the princess used to go down there sometimes with her maids of honour, to walk along the banks under the trees, and to bathe her feet in the water, and to look at the lilies and other flowers that grew there near the shore, among the flags and bulrushes. There were a great many flowers growing in the water near the shore, in some places, but in other places the bottom was clear and sandy, and the water was everywhere very soft and pure.'

'I should like to have such a place as that to wade about in,' said Georgie.

'Yes,' said Juno, 'and so should I. The princess liked it very much, and she used to go there almost every day.

'One day when she was wading along in the water, pretty near the shore, she saw something that looked like a little box or basket, lying among the bulrushes in a place near by. She sent one of her maids to bring it to her, to let her see what it was. She found that it was a sort of basket, shaped something like a boat, and all coated with pitch outside like a real boat. There was some sort of covering over it, and when the princess lifted up the covering she saw that there was a baby inside.

'As soon as the baby looked up and saw the strange faces, he began to cry.

"Poor little thing," says the princess. "He must be one of the slaves' children."

'By this time all the other maids had come up to see, and among them came a slave girl who had been standing not very far off, watching. You see, this slave girl was the baby's sister. Her mother had sent her there to watch, when she put the baby in the little boat.'

'What did she put him in the boat for ?' asked Georgie.

'So as to save his life,' replied Juno. 'You see, the king of the country, the princess's father, was afraid, because the slaves increased so fast, that they might by-and-by rise in rebellion against

him, and so he had made a law that all the boys that were born should be drowned in the river. The slaves in this country were a race of people called Hebrews.

'So when this baby was born his mother kept him hid in her house till he was three months old, and then when she found that he was getting so big that she could not keep him any longer, she determined to make this little boat for him, and lay him among the flags, on the bank of the river, where the princess used to go to bathe. She hoped that the princess would have pity upon him and save him.

'And when she hid him there,' continued Juno, 'she set his sister to watch, to see what would happen. His sister was a girl pretty well grown up. Her mother told her where to stay. I suppose she was to be playing about there, near the river, and not to appear to know anything about the baby in the little boat.

"You must stay here," said her mother to her, "and be playing about by the water, and when the princess comes down, see if she finds the boat, Then, if she does find it, and seems to take pity on the baby, you must go up with the rest to look. You must not appear to know anything about him, and let the princess think that he was put in the boat away up the river somewhere, and that the boat was drifted down and got caught here in the flags and bulrushes. If she takes pity on him you

can tell her you know of a good woman to take the child and nurse him, and then you must come for me."

'It all turned out just as the baby's mother expected. The princess found the little boat, and when her maid had brought it to land, and she saw the baby, she had pity upon him. Then when the girl came up and offered to go and get a nurse, the princess told her to go, and she went and brought her mother, and the princess engaged her to carry the baby home and take care of it, promising to pay her wages. The poor woman was very glad to get her baby back again, and to feel safe with him, and not be obliged to hide him away any more. For now, if the officers who were appointed to drown all the boys that were born among the Hebrews were to ask her what baby that was, she would say that it was one that the princess had sent to her to be nursed and taken care of. she knew they would go away and leave her in peace.

- 'Afterward, when the boy grew big enough, the princess took him home to the palace, and brought him up as if he were her own son. She named him Moses. She gave him the name of Moses, she said, because she took him out of the water.'
- 'I don't see what such a name as that has to do with taking him out of the water,' said Georgie.
- 'Neither do I,' said Juno. 'But that's what the story says.'

'If I had been she, I would have named him Bulrush,' said Georgie.

Georgie had heard the story of Moses in the bulrushes several times before, and he knew all the principal facts very well. But he listened none the less attentively on that account to Juno's narrative, for she always in such cases made her account so full, and explained everything so completely, that the story interested him very much, even if he had often heard the substance of it before.

By the time that Juno had come to the end of her narration, she and Georgie had passed through the garden, and had gone out through the back gate into the woods, and there, turning to the right, they ascended by a winding, and in some places a zig-zag path up to a summer-house, which was situated in a commanding position, very high, where there was a fine view. Here they both sat down, and after resting a few minutes, Juno opened her Bible, and began to read the account given there of the facts which she had been relating.

'First,' said she, 'I will read it alone, and then you and I will read it together.'

CHAPTER IX.

JUNO IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.



T was in the summer-house on the high hill in the woods, behind the garden, that Juno was sitting with Georgie, when she read to him the story of

Moses in the bulrushes.

She held the book open upon her lap, so that Georgie could see, and then took hold of the end of his finger to point to the words, as she read along from line to line.

'Now,' said she, 'first I'll read it myself alone, and then you and I will read it together.'

So she read very slowly, explaining as she read, whenever she came to any word which she thought Georgie would not understand. She began thus, reading very slowly, so that Georgie could see every word as she read it.

'And there went a man of the house of Levi.'

'That is of the family of Levi,' said Juno, explaining. 'You see all the Hebrews were the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and so on, of twelve brothers, that came to this country together. And one of the brothers was

named Levi. This man was of that branch of the family.'

- 'And took a wife of the daughter of Levi.'
- 'So you see that they were both descended from the same brother.'
 - 'And the woman conceived and bare a son.'
 - 'That is, after a time she had a little baby.'
- 'And when she saw that he was a goodly child she hid him three months.'
- 'That was for fear that they would come and carry him off and drown him in the river, according to the law that the king had made.'
- 'And she did not want to have him drowned, because he was such a good boy,' said Georgie.
- 'Ah! but goodly does not mean good, exactly,' 'It means good-looking. said Juno. handsome baby, and looked well and strong, I suppose, and she could not bear to have him drowned. So she kept him hid away in the house somewhere for three months, but then he grew so big and strong, and his voice became so loud, that she was afraid to keep him any longer. And for some time, I suppose, she did not know what to do with him. She was afraid to leave him anywhere near the people's houses, for then whoever should find him would know that he belonged to somebody that lived near by. And so you see they might suspect her and perhaps find her out, and so at last not only drown the poor baby but also kill her for having hid him so long.

'So she formed the plan of making a little basket-boat for him, out of bulrushes, and leaving him among the flags by the river, at a place where the princess used to come to bathe. Then the princess might think that he came from some other town, up the river, and that his little boat had floated down, and at last got caught among the flags that grew along the bank.'

In this manner Juno went on reading and explaining until she had come to the end of her story, reading the whole account herself, but guiding Georgie's finger along the lines, so that he could see every word as she pronounced it. This helped him very much in being able to read his portion when it came to his turn.

I advise all my readers to adopt this plan with their little brothers or sisters whenever they attempt to teach them to read. Read the lessons first to them very slowly, pointing to every word as you speak it. Indeed, it is a good plan to get some pretty thing for a pointer, and let the child point himself to the words, one after another, along the line, and not speak any word until he points to it. This mode of reading pleases the little fellow very much, for it seems to him as if he was directing the exercise, and you were obeying his orders; and young children are always very much pleased with enjoying anything like the semblance of command.

After going through the lesson once, Juno began it again, in order, as she said, that she and Georgie

might read it together. Reading it together meant that Georgie was to read all the small and easy words, and Juno the hard ones. This way of reading made the task an easy and pleasant one to Georgie, and at the same time it was very improving to him, for it gave him practice, which, after all, is the main thing in learning to read. a boy reads a great deal of what he can read easily, he soon finds himself fast advancing; the words which are hard one day become easy the next. The way to learn to read long words is thus to read short ones a great deal till you can read them easily; whereas for a boy to stop at a long word, before he is far enough advanced with short ones to read it. and puzzle over it and try to guess what it is, and be scolded or laughed at if he does not succeed, does no good, but only discourages him and keeps him back.

Georgie was ambitious to read all the words that he could, and Juno did not tell him what the long words were until she had given him time to pronounce them if he knew how. He was ambitious to try, and in trying made many mistakes; but in such cases Juno, instead of discouraging him by finding fault, and telling him to be more careful, always seemed to be pleased to find how near he came to the true sound. In reading in this case, he called brink, drink, and daubing he read dabbling.

'That is a very hard word,' said Juno, when

Georgie pronounced it dabbling. 'I did not think you could read it so well. You got very near to it. It is really daubing. And that is only a little different from dabbling, either in sound or meaning. Pretty soon you'll get so as to read a great many hard words exactly right.'

So when Georgie came to the word pitch, he read it pitcher.

'Very well, indeed,' said Juno. 'You read it right, and put on a little more besides. It is pitch only, without the *er*. So you read it perfectly right as far as the end of the word, and the only mistake you made was beyond the end.'

Some people might imagine that it was not honest for Juno to praise Georgie in this way, when he read wrong, but that is because they do not properly understand the case. To learn to read is a very difficult thing, and for a boy as old as Georgie to be able to read such hard words so nearly right as he did shows that he has made great progress, and that he is doing the best he can to make more. If a man is firing at a mark with a gun, and does not exactly hit it, he is praised nevertheless for making a good shot, providing he comes as near as could be expected considering his distance, the character of his gun, the state of the wind, and the time he has had to practise; while at the same time another man, who had had a great deal of practice, and fired from a rifle and at a much greater distance, would be considered as making a very bad shot, without getting any further from the mark than the other.

In the same way, it might be a very bad miss for you, who are perhaps twelve or fourteen years old, to say dabble for daub, or pitcher for pitch, in reading; while yet either of these approximations ought to be considered quite a good hit for a small boy or girl who had not yet learned to read words of more than three or four letters.

I have been very particular in explaining all this, because I think that one of the greatest difficulties in the way of older brothers or sisters teaching the younger ones is that they are so apt to dishearten and discourage them, by not being satisfied with the attempts they make. They judge the mistakes and shortcomings of the little child just as they would if the mistakes had been made by persons as old as they are themselves! This is a very erroneous way of judging them, and tends to discourage and dishearten the child very much indeed.

This is the way that poor Hubert was treated. Hubert was considerably older than Georgie, and yet he could not read any better, because there had been no one to help or encourage him. At the time when his class had the lesson of Moses and the bulrushes, he tried all the week to get some one to read and explain the story. But everybody seemed to be so busy that they could not attend to him.

At last, on Saturday evening, his mother told him to take his Bible and go and read the lesson himself to his grandmother, who was sitting on the stoop at the back door, knitting.

- But, mother,' said Hubert, 'I can't read it myself, there are so many hard words that I don't know.'
- 'But how are you ever going to learn to read them,' said his mother, 'unless you try. I begin to think you will never learn to read. You are so backward. You are nine years old, and a great many children can read better than you that are not more than seven. Take your book and go and sit down by grandmother and try and see if you can't read the lesson as well as other boys of your age.'

So Hubert took the book and went and sat down by his grandmother. She was to tell him the words which he could not read, and to explain to him the meaning of the words which he did not understand.

The first mistake that Hubert made was in saying godly for goodly, where it is stated that Moses's mother saw that he was a goodly child, and so she hid him three months.

'No, not godly!' said his grandmother, speaking in an impatient tone. 'I should think you'd know better than that. How could his mother see that he was a godly child when he was just born and had hardly got his eyes open?'

Just as if Hubert could be thinking of such considerations as those, when his mind was wholly engrossed in trying to find what sound a certain number of letters that he was looking at made.

The next hard word that Hubert came to he did not attempt to pronounce himself, not daring to run the risk of being again taunted with his mistake if he should make one. So he read off the letters one by one, and then asked his grandmother what they spelled.

'Think what they spell yourself,' said his grand-mother.

'I can't think,' said Hubert.

'You have not tried,' said his grandmother.
'How can you tell till you have tried? Spell it once more, and then tell me what it spells. It is something that grows about so high.'

Hubert felt perplexed and embarrassed, and began to wish that he had not come to his grandmother at all. He, however, looked over the letters again, and then, making a desperate effort at a guess, and guided somewhat by his grandmother's hint,

'Blueberry bushes.'

The word was really bulrushes.

If Georgie had hit as near as that, in reading to Juno, she would have appeared well satisfied, and would have commended him for the progress he was making in learning to read. But Hubert's grandmother uttered an exclamation of peevish contempt, and then said,

'Oh, Hubert! I am ashamed of you. Such a great boy as you, and can't read any better than to call bulrushes blueberry bushes! What do you think will become of you when you are a man, if you grow up such an ignoramus as that?'

So poor Hubert shut up his book, and after sitting still a minute or two, rose from his seat and went away completely disheartened.

CHAPTER X.

JUNO'S MODE OF TEACHING OBEDIENCE.



HEN Hubert's grandmother took him up so tartly for reading blueberry bushes instead of bulrushes, her motives were excellent, though she made

a great mistake in respect to the means. Her design was to awaken in Hubert a desire to acquire knowledge by making him ashamed of his ignorance. But this is not the right method. The way to make children love to learn is by awakening in them a feeling of pride and pleasure in what they already know, and not a sense of disgrace and shame for not knowing more. In teaching your little brothers and sisters, therefore, the less you have to say and do about their faults and shortcomings, and the more you turn their attention to the marks of their progress the better.

It is very much the same in regard to their faults of behaviour. You must not take so much notice of what they do wrong as of what they do right. Little children are much more easily led to try to do their duty by having such efforts as they do make seen and commended, than by having

their faults and shortcomings pointed out to them, and being continually checked and scolded for doing wrong.

Indeed, if a little child tries to do right at all, he deserves a great deal of credit for it. How is he to know that he ought to be docile and obedient until he has learned? And how is he to learn unless somebody is willing to be patient in teaching him, and to help him kindly in his first attempts? In fact, a very little obedience in a very little boy is a great thing, and very encouraging, considered as a beginning. It is a germ of good, which, if it is encouraged and cultivated, will grow and increase, and become complete obedience in a little while.

When Juno and Georgie went on their rambles into the woods, and along the banks of the brook, behind the garden, Juno liked best to go to a part of the grounds which was near the foot of the garden, because there the brook was very shallow, and the banks were low and flat, with sandy beaches of broad flat stones along the margin of them. This made the place a very safe one for Georgie, for two reasons. First, the banks being flat and low, there was not much danger that he would fall in; and secondly, if he did fall in, the water was so shallow that he would scarcely do anything more than wet his feet.

But farther up the brook, about a quarter of a mile, perhaps, from the back garden gate, there was a place where the little stream flowed sluggishly

through a region of level land, and where the trees of the forest on both sides were very high, and the ground was covered with a luxurious growth of moss, which was quite soft to walk upon, and which, when the rays of the evening sun were coming in upon it, under the trees, became resplendent with beautiful colours, like a rich and soft carpet in green and gold.

The brook meandered through the woods here in a very circuitous course, and the banks were generally more than a foot high, and were rounded over beautifully with tufts and hummocks of moss. Below, in the channel of the brook, the water formed deep pools, and moved slowly along from one to the other of these pools, among sticks and stones and sunken logs, and waving tufts of watergrass. In every sheltered and shady nook schools of skippers were to be seen, darting about here and there on the surface of the water, and pretty good-sized fishes were often discovered lurking in hiding-places below.

As may well be supposed, Georgie liked, above all things, to come to this place, and, as may also be well supposed, Juno did not like to have him come. She was afraid that he might go too near to the bank of the brook, and so fall in.

Georgie was pretty good in obeying her orders not to go too near the bank when she went with him through this part of the grounds, but not very good. He was learning to obey, but had not yet fully learned. Juno was well pleased with the progress that he had made, but now she was desirous that he should make more.

Accordingly, one day when Georgie was playing near the brook at the place where it was shallow, Juno, who was sitting upon a little rustic seat near by, called out to him, just as he was going to step upon a great flat stone which lay on the shore:

- 'Georgie,' said Juno, 'don't go upon that stone.'
 - 'Why not?' asked Georgie.
 - 'I've a particular reason,' said Juno.

Georgie played about near the stone for a few minutes, and then, whether he had forgotten Juno's order, or whether he supposed that she had forgotten it by that time, I cannot say, but, at any rate, he stepped upon the stone, and walked about upon it a little. Then he looked toward Juno. When he found that she was looking at him, and she said nothing, he began to feel at his ease, and went on playing upon the stone, just as if all was right.

After Georgie had been playing there about half-an-hour longer, the time arrived for going home, and he and Juno began to walk along the path together.

- 'Juno,' said he, 'what was the reason why you said I must not go upon that stone?'
- 'It was to try you,' said Juno, 'and see how you were getting along.'

- 'Getting along in what?' asked Georgie.
- 'In obeying orders,' said Juno. 'I know of some very curious places that I wish to take you to, but they are somewhat dangerous, and it will not do to take boys there until they get big enough to obey orders perfectly, like an old soldier.'
 - 'What places are they?' asked Georgie.
- 'Places along the wharves,' said Juno, 'in the lower part of the town, where there are boats and vessels, and generally one or two steamboats. There are a great many curious things to be seen there—men busy about, and sailors in the vessels climbing up into the rigging.'
 - 'Let's go there to-day,' said Georgie, eagerly.
- 'No,' replied Juno, 'not to-day. You see there are a great many dangerous places there, high places, with no railing, where you might fall down into the water; and piles of logs and planks, which you might climb up upon and make them fall over upon you. I must be perfectly sure that you will obey me in everything I say, at once, and always. before it would be safe for me to take you to such places as those. I was thinking of the wharves and ships when I was sitting on the seat, and I said to myself, I wonder if Georgie is not nearly well trained enough by this time to have me take him to see the wharves and vessels. I'll try him, and see how he is getting along in learning to obey orders. So I told you not to go on the stone.'

- 'And did not I obey pretty well?' asked Georgie.
- 'Yes,' said Juno, 'you obeyed very well, indeed. I watched to see how long the obedience would last. And I found it lasted very well. You did not go on the stone for about three minutes. By that time your power of obedience was all spent, and you went on it. But that was very well for a boy no older than you. By-and-by you will have obedience enough to last five minutes in such a case, and then ten, and at length you will improve so much that when I give you such a command I can depend upon your obeying it entirely, until I countermand it.'
- 'What do you mean by countermanding it?' asked Georgie.
- 'Changing the order,' said Juno. 'If a general gives his soldiers orders to do a thing, and afterwards sends them an order to stop and not do it, the first order is countermanded. So if he gives them an order that they must not go beyond a certain line, and afterwards countermands the order, then they can go beyond the line. A good soldier will not stop obeying the order as soon as he gets tired of obeying it, but will wait until it is countermanded.'
- 'I did not know about countermanding,' said Georgie.
- 'No,' said Juno, 'I know you didn't. And so I expected that when you got a little tired of stay-

ing off the stone, you would go on it, as you did, in fact. But you obeyed very well, for such a small boy. You obeyed for as much as three minutes.'

By such means as these Juno contrived to be very indulgent and gentle in her management of Georgie, while yet she did not in any way excuse or encourage his faults, or blunt the distinction in his mind between right and wrong. On the contrary, she kept this distinction very sharply defined in his mind, and made him more and more ambitious to advance and improve,

A few days after this, she took a walk with him in the part of the woods where the banks of the brook were high and dangerous. She said that she would lead him to the bank in some places, and let him look down and see if he could discover any fishes in the water; but that at all other times, when she didn't have hold of his hand, he must not go nearer than *one pace*, to the brink; and she let him take as long a step as he could on the path, in order to see how much a pace was.

This solution of the mode of measuring proved, however, to be an unfortunate one; for at one time when Georgie was standing pretty near the brink, and Juno was at a little distance, Juno looked toward him to see if he was not too near, and Georgie being afraid that she was uneasy about him said,

'I am obeying, Juno. I am a full pace away from the brink. See.'

And in order to show Juno that what he said was true, he took a good long step suddenly toward the margin of the brook. His foot descended upon as surface of moss forming the rounded edge of the bank. The moss slipped away, and Georgie was carried down into the water.

It was not very deep where he fell into the brook, and Juno got him out with very little difficulty. Georgie was greatly frightened, and at first he thought he should be punished, or at least scolded severely. But Juno told him not to be troubled about it.

'It was not your fault at all,' said Juno. 'It was only an accident. If it was anybody's fault it was mine, for not giving you a better measure. Next time we come here you shall bring a little cane with you, and have that for a measure.'

CHAPTER XI.

JUNO'S MODE OF PLAYING A LESSON.



N Saturday afternoon, at the end of the week, when Georgie's class had the lesson of Moses in the bulrushes to learn, Georgie, at Juno's suggestion,

obtained permission of his mother to ask his classmate Hubert to come and see him, in order that they might play the lesson, as Juno called it.

'Here we are,' said Georgie and Hubert to Juno, as she sat at her work by her window, the two boys being outside. 'We are all ready. Come and show us how to do it.'

So Juno rolled up her work, and put it in a little basket which she carried on her arm, and then, putting on a sort of sun-bonnet, she went out into the yard. She led the way into the garden, and the boys followed her. They all passed through the garden gate, and entered the wood.

'Now, boys,' said Juno, 'I'll be the princess, and one of you must be Moses' mother, and the other my maid. It would be a good plan if we had another boy here to be Moses' sister.'

'I can go and get Tommy,' said Georgie.

'Very good,' said Juno. 'Tommy will do very well. You can harness up your horse and ride over and get him. I'll go on and wait for you on the green seat.'

So Georgie drew out from his pocket a set of reins that he always carried for the purpose of playing horses, and harnessing Hubert, he drove off on a rapid trot towards the house again, in order to go for Tommy. Tommy was quite a small boy, the son of one of the neighbours, who often used to come and play with Georgie.

Juno did not say anything about sending for Tommy while they were at the house, but waited until they had gone through the garden, in order to make more work, or rather more play for the boys, in going back again. Juno never did anything to 'save steps' for Georgie. Indeed she was more accustomed to do all she could to make steps for him. The more steps you make for little children the better, provided you occupy their imaginations at the same time with the work that you give them to do.

Juno herself walked on, and presently came to a pretty seat, painted green, under the shade of a great spreading pine. Here she took out her work again and went on with her sewing. There was a bird in a tree near by, that immediately began to sing her a little song. When the bird finished, Juno, in her turn, sang a song to the bird.

Then when Juno stopped, the bird sang again, and so on alternately for some time.

At last the voices of the boys were heard returning through the wood. Georgie and Hubert led the way in the character of horse and rider, while Tommy, who was a much smaller boy, and very short and thick, toddled along behind, trying to keep up, and considering the shortness of his legs he succeeded tolerably well.

The party soon reached the seat where Juno was sitting, and stopped there to receive further orders.

- 'We are going to play Moses in the bulrushes, Tommy,' said Georgie, 'and Juno is going to tell us how to do it. We must all do exactly as she says.'
- 'Yes,' replied Juno, 'I shall tell you what to do. The first thing is to make the ark, and you must find some old basket for the foundation of it. You see it would take too much time to make the ark altogether, so we must take a basket for the frame of it, and you must make it into an ark by weaving flags and coarse grass into the broken parts.'
- 'And then dabble it all over with slime and pitch,' said Georgie.
- 'Daub it all over,' said Juno. 'The word in the Bible is daub.'
- 'I know it is,' said Georgie, 'but I think dabble is better.'

Juno went on to give the boys instructions, and in obedience to them Georgie and Hubert went up to the house to look for an old basket, while Tommy remained with Juno, and was set to work by her in gathering twigs and flags and coarse grass to represent bulrushes.

Georgie and Hubert soon returned, bringing two old baskets, and also two iron spoons which they obtained from the kitchen. These spoons were to serve as trowels to plaster over the ark with mud. Juno chose one of the baskets which, as it happened, was of an oblong form and not very deep, so that it was well adapted to the purpose.

'Only,' said Georgie, 'it is all coming to pieces.'

'It is all the better for that,' said Juno, 'for you can tie it together with strings, and weave in flags and twigs and bulrushes, and so play that you are making the ark yourselves.'

So the boys went down to the brook and established themselves on the great flat stone and went to work at making the ark. Juno told them that while they were at work they might talk together just as they pleased, but that it would be well for them to make believe for a part of the time t at Georgie was Moses' mother, and that she was making the ark to put the baby in, and that Tommy was her daughter, the baby's sister.

'What shall her name be?' asked Georgie.

'Miriam would be a good name for her,' said Juno. 'That's a Bible name.'

'Then Miriam shall be her name,' said Georgie.
'But, Juno, what are we going to do for a baby?'

'Ah! we must see about that by-and-by,' said Juno, 'after you get the ark made. In the mean time you must find some nook or corner which you will play is your house, and you must make believe that you have left the baby there, and you must send Miriam there now and then while you are making the ark, to see if the baby is crying.

So the boys went down to the flat stone, and amused themselves a long time making the ark. Juno remained at her seat and went on with her work and with her singing, though now and then she stopped to listen to the talk of the boys; for the distance was not too great for her to hear what they said when she listened. Before the boys had been at work long, Georgie met with a difficulty which caused him to appeal to Juno.

'Juno,' said he, 'I am Moses' mother, and Tommy is Miriam, but who is Hubert?'

'He is going to be my maid by-and-by,' said Juno, 'but now he must be one of the neighbours that has come to help you make the ark.'

'Yes,' said Georgie, 'that will do very well.'

So they went on with their work, and Juno heard Georgie talking thus:

'My poor baby! I must make this ark very strong, or it will come apart in the water and he will be drowned. I am afraid the king's men will come and find him before I get it ready, and if they

do they will drown him in the river as if he were a kitten. That's the law. It frightens me dreadfully every time he cries, for fear the men will hear him. Hark! 'seems to me I hear him crying now. Run, Miriam! Run to the house, quick, and see if he is not crying, and if he is, rock him in the cradle and hush him up as quick as you can. You can show him his locomotive, and that will amuse him.'

Georgie had a locomotive, which, when wound up, would run around the floor, and he considered it the most amusing toy that could be made.

So Tommy, on hearing this, would toddle off to the house to see if the baby was crying. After waiting a little while he would come back and say that the baby was still.

'I wish we had somebody to be the baby,' said Georgie. Then calling out aloud to Juno, he said:

'Juno, we want a baby to be in the house and cry.'

'You might find a round piece of wood, somewhere,' said Juno, 'that would do for the baby.'

'No,' said Georgie, 'we want a live baby, one that can cry. Why can't we take Tommy for baby and let Hubert be Miriam? We don't want any neighbour.'

'Try it,' said Juno, 'and see how you like that plan.'

So Tommy was changed from a grown-up girl to a baby-boy, and the new Miriam took him to the

house and laid him down there on a bed made of grass and leaves. Then Miriam went back to help her mother finish the ark, while Tommy, who could peep out upon them through an opening in the bushes, now and then began to cry, and on hearing the sound of his voice, Miriam would run to the house and hush him up, telling him that if he was not still the king's soldiers would come and throw him into the river.

Things went on in this way for some time, until at length the ark was completed. Then came the work of coating it within and without with mud and slime. For this work the boys made a hole in the ground with their iron spoons, at a place where the grass was clean and dry around it, and then they made a sort of mortar bed. By pouring in water, which they brought from the brook, and mixing up earth with it, they made a sort of plaster which was to serve the purpose of pitch and slime. Before they began this work, however, Juno called them to her, and addressing Georgie as the mother of Moses:

'Now, my good woman,' said she, 'if you are going to daub over your ark to keep it tight, you must be extremely careful not to get the least drop or speck of it upon your clothes, for if you do, when the ark is discovered, and the soldiers try to find out who made it, they'll prove it against you by the pitch and slime on your clothes. And then look out or you'll get sent to prison.'

'We won't get the least possible drop on our clothes,' said Georgie. 'Will we, Hubert—Will we, Miriam?'

'No,' said Miriam, 'not a drop.'

So the boys went back to their work, and when they had got their ark well coated both inside and out with the plaster, they set it upon the big flat stone to dry. So much time had, however, been occupied by these operations, that the supper-bell rang just as they had finished the plastering, and so they were obliged to put off the rest of the play till another time.

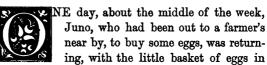
In the mean while, both Georgie and Hubert had become so much interested in the story of Moses in the bulrushes, that they were quite impatient for the time to come for them to go to Sunday-school the next day and hear the teacher tell them more about it. Tommy said he wanted to go too. But Georgie told him he was too little to belong to a class of such big boys as he. Juno suggested, however, that perhaps he might go as a visitor and spectator. At any rate, he might stop at the door when the school was to begin, while Georgie asked the teacher if she was willing to admit him as a spectator.

All this was done accordingly. Tommy appeared at the door the next day, very neatly dressed, and as soon as the school was opened Georgie came out and brought him in, and he remained in the class as a spectator while the lesson was revited.

He was very much interested in what he learned about Moses in the bulrushes, and he said that when he went home he meant to ask his mother to read him some more of the stories that were in the Bible.

CHAPTER XII.

JUNO AND TOMMY.



her hand. She was passing through a little green lane, where, upon one side of the road-way, was a small one-story house. The house was so small, in fact, that it contained only one or two rooms. But it was very neat and tidy in appearance, and there was a pretty little garden by the side of it.

Georgie was with Juno. He was running along by her side, trundling his hoop.

'Juno,' said Georgie, 'here's the house where Tommy lives. I am going to run on and see if he is in the yard.'

Juno nodded her head, and Georgie ran on. He turned in at the house, and after disappearing a few minutes he came back again to the road, accompanied by Tommy. He had lent Tommy his hoop, it appeared, for Tommy was driving it, and Georgie was running along the road.

After a while Tommy stopped and gave Georgia

his hoop, and turned to come back towards the house, while Georgie, taking the hoop, began driving it onward at great speed.

In a few minutes Juno met Tommy on his return.

'Hallo, Tommy!' said she.

This is certainly not a very elegant way of accosting an acquaintance in the street, especially for a lady, but it was the style of address which suited Juno's present purpose, for she wished to talk with Tommy a little, and this kind of salutation put him entirely at his ease, and established at once a familiar and friendly relation between them. Tommy had not lived very long in that neighbourhood, and had seen Juno only a few times. Besides, he was at first somewhat inclined to be afraid of her, because she was a coloured girl.

- 'Tommy,' said Juno, 'how did you like the Sunday-school last Sunday, when you went into Georgie's class as a spectator?'
 - 'I liked it very well,' said Tommy.
- 'Only the boys were too big for me,' he added, after a moment's pause.
- 'How would you like to go to Sunday-school regularly,' said Juno, 'in a class of boys just of your bigness?'
- 'No,' said Tommy, shaking his head, and falling back a little, as if he imagined that Juno was going to seize him and carry him off to Sundayschool on the spet.

- 'Why not?' asked Juno.
- 'I don't like a Sunday-school,' said Tommy.
- 'Why don't you like it?' asked Juno.
- 'Because,' said Tommy. 'Besides, I tried it once, and I did not like it. She scolded me.'
 - 'What did she scold you for ?' asked Juno.
 - 'Because I could not sit still,' said Tommy.

Then a moment after, as if a new thought struck him, he said:

- 'I'll go to Sunday-school if you will let me be in your class.'
 - 'Ah! But I have not got any class,' said Juno.
 - 'Could not you get a class?' asked Tommy.
- 'No,' said Juno, shaking her head with a thoughtful air, 'I don't think I could.'
- 'Besides,' she added, after a moment's reflection, 'if I should have a class it would have to be of coloured children. And you would not like to be in a class of coloured children, I suppose.'
- 'I should not care,' said Tommy. 'Would they be big boys?'
- 'No,' said Juno, 'they would be only about as big as you.'
 - 'Then I should not care,' said Tommy.

Just at this moment Juno heard the voice of Georgie, calling to her from a distance along the road.

'Juno,' said he, 'come, I'm tired of waiting.'

. So June walked along slowly, pendering in her mind the conversation she had had with Towar,

She liked the idea of having a little Sunday-school class very much. But there seemed to be serious difficulties in the way.

She thought that perhaps they would not like to have a class of coloured children in the school. At any rate, she would not dare herself to propose such a thing.

While she was reflecting on the subject, she came up with Georgie, who was waiting there with his hoop.

- 'Juno,' said Georgie, 'what have you been talking about all this time with Tommy?'
- 'He wants me to have a class in the Sundayschool,' said Juno, 'and to let him be in it.'
 - 'Well,' said Georgie, in a tone of great satisfaction, 'why don't you say yes?'
 - 'I don't know,' said Juno, speaking in an undertone—'I don't know that they would let me have a class in your Sunday-school.'
 - 'Then you might have a school all of your own,' said Georgie.
 - 'Where could I have it?' asked Juno.
 - 'Anywhere,' replied Georgie. 'You might have it in my play-room.'

There was a small room at the end of the shod, where Georgie lived, that he called his play-room, though there was a table in it near the window, where he used to study sometimes.

'We could hang up the swing,' said Georgie, 'and put in some seats.'

'Or we might leave the swing down,' he continued, after a moment's pause, 'and let the children swing a little while after they have said their lessons. Would that be wicked, Juno, if they said their lessons well?'

Juno did not answer immediately. She seemed to be thinking. She was not, however, considering the question which Georgie had propounded to her, namely, how far the having recited the lessons well on the part of the children would affect the question of the propriety of allowing them to swing on Sunday. Her thoughts were running in another direction altogether.

- 'I'll ask my mother to let you have your school in my play-room,' said Georgie.
 - 'No,' said Juno, shaking her head.
- 'Why not?' said Georgie. 'Or, Juno, you might have your class in the garden. There are seats in the corner by the grape-vine that will hold six. Would that be enough? Should you have more than six in your class, Juno?'
 - 'No,' said Juno, 'I should think not.'
- 'Then have your school in the garden,' said Georgie. 'It would be very pleasant to have it in the garden.'
 - 'But it might rain,' said Juno.
- 'Then have it in the play-room,' said Georgie. 'I'll ask my mother.'
 - 'No,' said Juno.'
 - 'Why, I am sure she would say yes. She

could not possibly say no to anything you ask her.'

- 'That is the very reason why I am not willing to ask her,' said Juno.
- 'Oh, Juno!' exclaimed Georgie, surprised, 'that's no reason at all.'
- 'Yes,' said Juno. 'When I ask anybody for a room of theirs to have my school in, it must be somebody that will feel free to say no, if it is not convenient.'
- 'Then, Juno, I don't know what you will do, for nobody will feel free to say no to anything you ask them.'

Juno smiled.

- 'Who are you going to have in your class, Juno?' said Georgie again, after a short pause.
- 'I don't know,' said Juno. 'If I have any class I shall get all the coloured children I can.'
- 'You may have all the coloured children you please,' said Georgie, 'except Pompling. I advise you not to have him.'
 - 'Why not?' asked Juno.
- 'Because,' said Georgie, drawing nearer to Juno, and speaking in an under-tone, and in a solemn and confidential manner, 'he's a very bad boy, and his father is a very bad man.'
- 'Those are the very reasons,' thought Juno to herself; 'why I'll have Pompling in my class rather than any other boy.'

Just at this moment, as Juno and Georgie were

walking along together, they came to a small shop by the road-side, where there were to be seen a number of little toys in the window. Among these toys were some small India-rubber balls.

'Ah!' exclaimed Georgie, as soon as he saw them, 'here are some India-rubber balls, and I want one. I have got money enough.'

So he and Juno went in, and Georgie bought one of the balls. He had an allowance of ten cents a week, which he was permitted to spend as he pleased for such purposes.

The ball was hollow, and had a small hole in the end of it, where the air could pass in and out. When they came out of the shop, Juno took the ball and held it to her ear, and seemed to be listening.

'What are you doing, Juno?' said Georgie.

'I am listening to what the ball says,' replied Juno. 'He is whispering in my ear. See! Don't you hear him whisper?'

So saying, Juno held the ball close to Georgie's ear, and by pressing the sides and then relieving the pressure several times rapidly, she caused the air to pass in and out through the hole so as to make a sort of whispering sound. Then she held it back to her own ear, and added,

- 'He is whispering to me. I am hearing what he says.'
 - 'What does he say?' asked Georgie, eagerly.
- 'The rogue!' said Juno, still, however, appearing to listen.

- 'What does he say?' asked Georgie again.
- 'He says he is glad you have bought him,' replied Juno. 'He is going to have some good games of hide-and-seek with you. He likes to get away from boys and hide where they can't find him.'
 - 'He can't hide away from me,' said Georgie.
- 'You'll be playing in the room with him sometimes,' he says, continued Juno, still listening, 'and he'll roll under the clock or under the sofa.'
 - 'No,' said Georgie, 'I won't roll him that way.'
- 'And you'll throw him sometimes toward the wood-pile and he'll get under the wood where you can't find him,' continued Juno.
- 'No,' replied Georgie, 'I'll be very careful not to play with it near the wood-pile.'
- 'Or when you throw him up on the roof over the kitchen, he'll hide behind the chimney, he says,' continued Juno, still listening to the pretended whisperings of the ball.
- 'But I'm not going to throw him on the roof at all,' said Georgie.
- 'Or in the garden, and he'll hide away among the plants and bushes,' continued Juno.
- 'No,' said Georgie, 'I won't play with him in the garden. I'll only play with him out in the open field, where there is no place for him to hide.'
- 'Then I don't see how he will contrive to get away from you at all,' said Juno.

Juno and Georgie walked along silently after this

for a little while. Juno was thinking what she should do for a room for her school. At length it occurred to her that Pomp—that very bad father of a very bad boy, as Georgie represented him—had an unfinished room over one of his back buildings, with a staircase leading up to it outside, and that that room, if Pomp was willing to have it used for such a purpose, would be just what she would like.

'At any rate,' she said to herself, 'if he is not willing, he will feel perfectly free to say no; so I need have no delicacy about asking him.'

Accordingly a few days after this, meeting Pomp in the street, she determined to make her request. She was fully prepared for a refusal, as Pomp was well known to have no regard for religion in any form.

She explained her plan to him of opening a small Sunday-school, and asked him if he was willing that she should use that back room for the purpose. Pomp seemed somewhat surprised by such a proposal, but he listened attentively till Juno had finished what she had to say. She concluded by remarking that she should hope to have his boy for one of her scholars.

'Yes, Miss Juno,' replied Pomp; 'you may have the room, and welcome. And if you can do my boy any good I shall be glad. I don't want him to turn out such a scape-grace as I am. It is too late to do me any good, but if you think you can

make anything out of that little monkey of mine, you are welcome to try.'

Pomp not only thus readily gave his consent to the use of his room, but he afterward did all he could to fit it up for the purpose. He put in a small table, and a chair without any back, for Juno, and made some seats by means of long boards, supported on blocks and boxes, for the boys. Juno came, too, one day in her working dress, and swept the floor thoroughly, and thus at length, between the two, quite a comfortable school-room was prepared, and everything was made ready for commencing the school on the following Sunday.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUNO AND MARY OSBORNE.



MONG the teachers at the Sundayschool where Georgie went, was a young lady named Mary Osborne. She was a very genteel and accomplished

young lady, and also very beautiful. Her father was rich, and she had been away at school, in a large city, where she had been very highly educated. She could speak French, it was said, as well as if she had lived years in Paris. She could play splendidly upon the pianoforte, and also upon the harp. She had a very handsome rosewood piano, which stood at one end of her mother's parlour, and a beautiful harp stood in the corner, and she used to play upon these instruments sometimes before all the company, at the parties which her mother gave.

Still she was quite modest and unassuming in her manners, and was very kindhearted, so that she was a great favourite in all the town.

She had a class in the Sunday-school, and she took so great an interest in her class and in the general welfare of the school, that after a short

time the other teachers elected her secretary. This office gave her the charge of the records and accounts.

One day while Juno was talking with Georgie about her class, and about the arrangements which she was making for it, Georgie said that she must have a class paper.

'All the classes have class papers,' said Georgie, 'and the teachers write the names of the scholars on them, and make marks. You can't do anything without a class paper.'

'I should like a class paper very much,' said Juno, 'but I don't know how I can get one.'

'Ask Mary Osborne,' said Georgie. 'She keeps the class papers and gives one to every teacher, whenever anybody wants one.'

'Ah, I should not dare to ask Mary Osborne for one,' said Juno. 'I could not think of such a thing.'

'Why not?' asked Georgie.

Juno did not answer. The truth was, she stood quite in awe of Mary Osborne, and in supposing, as she had done, that a class of coloured children, or partly of coloured children, would not have been admitted to the school, her mind rested more on Mary Osborne than on any other one, on account of her being so elegant and accomplished a young lady, and of her belonging to so aristocratic a family. If any other of the teachers had been secretary, she might, perhaps,

have had courage to ask her for a class paper. But to approach Mary Osborne with such a request seemed to her to be out of the question.

'I'll tell you what I'll do, Juno,' said Georgie.
'I'll go and ask her myself.'

Juno laughed, but did not reply, and soon the conversation turned to some other subject. Juno supposed that Georgie would forget all about his promise to get the class paper, and so she said no more on the subject. But Georgie did not forget it, but that very evening, about sunset, he determined to go. As, however, Juno had said she should not dare to go to Mary Osborne with such a request, Georgie came to the conclusion that there was some mysterious difficulty or danger connected with the enterprise, and so he determined to get Tommy to go with him, by way of affording himself thereby the proper moral support.

So he went and asked Tommy to go of an errand with him. Tommy readily consented. The two boys walked along together, and when they began to draw nigh to Mr Osborne's house, which was a large and very handsome one, and was embowered in shrubbery and trees, Georgie's heart began to fail him. He finally concluded to send Tommy in to do the errand.

So he stopped at a little gate which led through a pretty green yard toward an end door, and said in a low voice, almost a whisper.—

'I want you to do the errand, Tommy. You

go in and ring at the door, and ask if Mary Osborne is at home, and tell her we want a class paper.'

'No,' said Tommy, hanging back.

'Yes,' said Georgie, at the same time gently drawing Tommy forward towards the gate. 'You'll go and I'll give you a string to make a fishing-line of.'

Tommy, partly incited by this promise, and partly pushed forward by Georgie, went in through the gate. He went slowly and hesitatingly up to the door and pulled the bell. He was quite frightened when he heard the jingle which it made inside, for the door was open and he could hear the sound very plainly. He, however, stood firm, and presently a tidy-looking young girl came to answer the bell.

Tommy made a great effort, and in a firm and sturdy voice, and with the air of a boy reciting a lesson, which he had committed to memory, said,

'Is Mary Osborne at home, and we want some grass paper.'

'Wha'at!' said the girl.

'Is Mary Osborne at home?' repeated Tommy in the same tone. He got so far, but he could go no farther. He stopped short and was silent.

The girl burst into a fit of laughter, and ran into the house. A moment afterward Mary Osborne herself came to the door.

'Ah, Tommy!' said Mary, 'I am glad you have come. You want something. I can give it to you, I think, whatever it is.'

Tommy, greatly encouraged by this cordial greeting, repeated that he wanted some grass paper. Georgie had spoken so indistinctly in giving him his message, that he had not understood the words rightly.

Mary could not imagine what he meant, but she did not wish to say so abruptly, for fear of frightening away what little wit he seemed to have left. So she said:

'Well, if I've got any I'll give you some. But who wants it? What do you mean by we?'

'Georgie,' said Tommy, nodding in the direction of the gate.

Mary, looking that way, could just espy the corner of Georgie's cap projecting from behind the massive post which stood upon one side of the gateway.

'Georgie,' said Mary, 'come in a minute. I've got something to show you.'

Mary said this on the impulse of the moment, thinking that, without some such artifice, there was danger that Georgie, on hearing his name called, might turn away and run. Her plan succeeded, for Georgie, curious to know what it was that he was to see, came forward at once.

Mary turned to a rose bush which grew near in one of the borders, and which, having been budded with two kinds of roses, bore white ones on one side and red ones on the other, all from one stem. After talking with the boys about this phenomenon for some time, and giving each of them two roses, one of each kind, she finally succeeded in putting them both at their ease, and then learned from Georgie what it really was that he wanted. She asked a number of questions about Juno's plans, and when she had obtained all the information which she desired, she told Georgie that he and Tommy were very good boys to come after a class paper for Juno, but she wished them to tell her that she would like the pleasure of giving it to her herself.

'Tell her,' said she, 'that I am very glad that she is going to have a class, and that I want to see her and talk with her about it. Ask her to come here this evening, if she can. Tell her I want to see her very much.'

So Georgie and Tommy returned, and Georgie gave Juno the message.

Juno was, of course, very much surprised, but she was also greatly gratified at receiving this message; and on the same evening, having obtained permission of Georgie's mother, she went to Mr Osborne's.

She passed round to the back door and went into the kitchen. The girl in the kitchen gave her a seat there by a window, and sent word in to Miss Osborne that she was there.

A moment afterward the messenger returned, and said that June was to go into Miss Osborne's room.

So Juno was conducted into a pretty parlour, which Mary Osborne called her room. There were book-cases in it filled with books, and a writing-table with papers upon it, and a work-table near a window, and a cottage piano in one corner, and other such things.

Mary rose when Juno came in and offered her a seat, saying at the same time,

- 'I am very glad that you are going to have a Sunday-school class, and it is very good in you to take the trouble to come and see me about it.'
- 'No, Miss Osborne, not at all,' said Juno. 'It was very kind in you to invite me to come.'
- 'Georgie tells me,' said Mary, 'that you are going to have your school all by yourself, at Pompey's. Why don't you come with us, and have your schools' one of the classes in our schools'

Juno cast down her eyes, and seemed for a moment at a loss what to reply. Presently she said with a timid air,—

- 'I thought you would not like to have my class in your school. They are coloured children—most of them.'
- 'That is no reason why they should not come,' said Mary. 'At least it would not be any with me. I should like to have your class in our school

very much. And we can, now. I will speak to the superintendent about it?

But Juno begged that she would not do this. She should feel more at home, she said, with her class all by themselves. Besides, she had got a very nice room at Pompey's, and Pompey had taken a great deal of pains to fit it up for her. Then she thought her scholars would be more willing to come to that room, to her alone, than they would to go to such a great school. So she wished to be allowed to carry out her original plan.

Mary, on reflection, was satisfied that it would be best for her to acquiesce in this decision. But she told Juno that she should consider her class as really belonging to the school, and she gave her several class papers, to write the names of her scholars upon, and to make the proper marks, according to their attendance and good behaviour.

- 'And you must let me come and visit your class sometimes,' said Mary, 'after you get a little under way.'
- 'I should be very glad to have you come,' said Juno.
- 'And is there anything else that I can do for you?' asked Mary.
- 'I don't know that there is,' replied Juno, 'unless you could give me some advice about managing my scholars, and teaching them.'

Mary paused a moment, as if hesitating what advice to give. Then she said,—

'No, Juno, I think you will know how to manage your class better than I can tell you. I don't believe I can give you any advice that will help you, except in one thing, and that is, don't be disheartened and discouraged when the dark hour comes. The dark hours will come, you may depend. In all our undertakings, after the novelty and interest of the first setting-out has passed away, there is almost sure to come a time of discouragement and despondency, when we almost wish we had not begun. That I call the dark hour. I have had my dark hour many times. You must expect to have yours. But when it comes you must not be discouraged. You must cheer up and press on. I am very sure you will succeed in the end.'

'If I could only be sure of that,' said Juno, 'I don't think I should mind the dark hour much.'

'You may be sure of it,' said Mary. 'I feel very sure of it. The same spirit which has put it into your heart to gather this class, will guide you in teaching it; and it will all come out right in the end. So don't be troubled when you come upon the dark hour.'

Juno rose, took her class papers, and said as she passed toward the door,—

'Good-bye, Miss Osborne,' and 'I thank you very much.'

There was something else that she wanted to say, but her heart was so full that she thought it was not safe for her to attempt to speak. So she went away.

CHAPTER XIV.

JUNO'S FIRST DAY.



HE dark hour which Mary Osborne had predicted for Juno, came much sooner than she expected. It came, in fact, at the very beginning of her school.

This was something quite unusual, for generally in our enterprises the dark hour does not come until some time after our work has been going on.

She was afraid that the children would not all come to school unless she went for them herself. Some of them, she thought, would forget all about the school, unless there was something to remind them of it. Others might be bashful about coming, or otherwise afraid. So she determined to call for them all, and take them with her.

Her plan succeeded pretty well, for she obtained by this means five of her promised scholars. She obtained two, Tommy and another boy, without any difficulty. The next two, when they saw her coming, ran away and hid. They did not wish to go to the school at all, though they had promised to do so, and so when they saw the teacher coming they made their escape. One of them ran off down a green lane, and would not stop, although Juno called to him in a very kind voice. As he ran he looked back from time to time to see if Juno was following him, and he went so far, that Juno was obliged to give him up. The name of this boy was Oliver.

The other boy that she could not get was named Dick. He, when he saw Juno coming, with Tommy and Pompling, one on each side of her, and perceived that they were coming to take him to school, ran into the barn.

The other two boys, when they saw Dick running off in this way to the barn, became much excited, and began to pull Juno along in that direction, Tommy saying eagerly,—

'He's gone to hide! Come quick, Juno, and we'll find him! He can't hide anywhere possibly in the barn, but what we can find him!'

So June went with the boys into the barn, and there, after looking about for some time, Pompling called out to Dick to say *Coop!*

'Give us a fair chance,' said he, 'and sing out Coop!'

In fact, the boys seemed to consider the affair a regular game of 'hide-and-seek.' Juno herself began to think it was assuming rather too much of that character to be a suitable employment for Sunday, and concluded to give up the search. So she led Tommy and Pompling away.

The search would have been fruitless if they

had continued it ever so long, for Dick was not in the barn at all. He had passed directly through it, to a little window on the back side, where he had crept out; and had run down a long path which led toward a spring of water, and there he was lying crouched among the bushes, at the time when Tommy and Pompling in the barn were calling out to him to say *Coop*.

So Juno concluded to give up Oliver and Dick, and to go to her school with only such of the rest as she could find. One or two of the others were missing also. They had forgotten all about the school, and had gone away. To make up for these losses, however, Juno found two more children on the way, whom she persuaded to accompany her. So that finally, when she reached her little room at Pompey's house, she had five scholars with her, three boys and two girls. Two of the boys and one of the girls were coloured. Pompling was one of the coloured boys, and the name of the other was Triptolemus. At least that was his name in full, though the name that he was always called by was Trip. The white girl's name was Sally.

Juno conducted her children up the stairs which led to her little school-room. They made a good deal of noise in going up, and when about half way up, two of the boys began to hurry forward to see which could get to the top first, struggling together by the way, each one attempting to keep the other back, in order that he might get

before him. Juno gently reproved them, but they did not pay much heed to her admonitions, and all crowded forward together to enter the school-room, except one girl, who seemed more timid than the rest, and who lingered behind them, and kept close by the side of Juno. She was the coloured girl, and her name was Rosalie.

'Now, children,' said Juno, 'you must take off your caps, and sit down on the benches, till I begin the school.'

At receiving this command the children made a rush for the benches. These benches were formed of two boards, the ends of which were supported by blocks or boxes which Juno had found in the yard. Each bench was long enough for four children to sit upon, so that upon both there was ample room for all.

'Where shall we put our caps?' asked Tommy, in a sturdy sort of voice.

At the same moment Pompling, without waiting for an answer to this question, pulled off his cap and threw it across the room, into a corner.

The other boys followed his example, and immediately the room was full, as it were, of flying caps, until they all came together in the corner.

'Ah! children!' said Juno, remonstrating.
'But never mind now. Let them lie there. I'll drive some nails up before next Sunday. I forgot about the nails for your caps to be hung upon.'

Juno then attempted to commence the services of the school. The first thing was to read a few verses in the Bible, and also a short prayer. The prayer was in a book which she had brought with her to school. The children sat tolerably still, on the whole, during this performance, though several of them were quite restless, and two of them at one time began crowding against each other in the middle of one of the benches, and made so much difficulty that Juno was obliged to stop until she could remove one of them to another seat.

One of the exercises which Juno had determined upon for her school, was a lesson in reading, for she had found, on inquiry, when she went around to engage her scholars, that none of them could read. Most of them did not even know the letters. So she had fixed up a smooth board, which Pompey gave her, against the wall, on one side of her school-room, and had provided herself with a piece of chalk to write the words and letters with. The board was smooth, and it was of rather a dark colour, so that the letters would show very well upon it. It would have been better if it had been entirely black.

Juno had also provided herself with a damp cloth to rub out the writing, from time to time, whenever necessary.

Juno's plan in teaching the children to read, was to begin with words, instead of with letters. I have heard it said that this is an excellent plan, as it enables children to see some meaning in what they are doing, from the very beginning.

'Now, children,' said Juno, going at the same time to her board, 'the first lesson is in reading. I am going to teach you first on this board. After you have learned a little to read on the board, perhaps we shall have some books. First, I am going to teach you how to read cat.'

So saying, Juno wrote the word cat, in large letters on the board.

'There it is,' said Juno. 'That is cat. Look at it well, so that you will know it when I make it again. See! There is a kind of a round letter at the beginning, and a tall letter with a cross mark over it at the end. Remember when you see such a writing as that, that it means cat. It is a kind of a picture of a cat in writing.'

'I don't think it looks a bit like a cat,' said Tommy, speaking in a tone expressive of great contempt.

'That is true,' said Juno. 'It does not look like a cat at all, and I was wrong in saying that it was a picture of a cat. It rather stands instead of a picture, because it is easier to make. I will make you a picture of a cat.'

So Juno drew a rude outline of an animal, so rude, in fact, that it might have stood as well for a dog, or a pig, or any other small animal, as for a cat. Still it answered the purpose very well.

- 'Now,' said Juno, pointing to the drawing, 'what is that?'
 - 'A cat,' said the children, all together.
- 'And now what is this?' she added, pointing to the word cat, which she had written.
 - 'A cat,' they all shouted, just as before.
- 'Not exactly a cat,' said Juno, 'but only cat. The *picture* you might call a cat, but the writing is only cat. If I wanted you to read it a cat, I must write the letter a before it.'

So saying, Juno wrote the letter a before the word cat, and then added,

'There! now you can read the writing just as you do the picture.'

Then Juno pointed to the words written, and asked the children to read them. Trip did not answer. Rosalie said 'A cat.' Pompling said, 'A pussy,' on hearing which almost all the children, thinking, perhaps, that this reading afforded an agreeable variety to the exercise, shouted out 'A pussy!' 'A pussy!' some of them repeating the words a great many times.

Juno hushed them, after some effort, and then said.

- 'Now, children, I am going to write dog, and you will see how different it looks from cat. Just as she had got to the last letter of the word dog, one of the children called out to her,
- 'Look around, ma'am, quick! Pompling is getting out of the window!'

Juno looked round, and true enough, Pompling's head was just disappearing at the window-sill, where he was holding on with his hands. He let go just as Juno looked round, and Juno could hear him sliding down a low shed roof below, to the ground. She went to the window and looked out, but Pompling was nowhere to be seen.

An account of the remainder or the troubles which Juno experienced on her first day, must be postponed until the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

JUNO'S DARK HOUR.



UNO'S first impulse was to go out and find Pompling. But in a moment she reflected that it might not be quite safe for her to leave her other scholars.

So she concluded to remain and attend to her duties with the rest, and let Pompling go.

She was quite right in this. The Gospel principle of leaving the main body of the flock in the wilderness, in order to go and look for one that is lost, does not apply in a case where the sheep thus left would be themselves in danger.

While Juno was looking out at the window, all the others crowded around her to look out too.

- 'Never mind him,' said she, at length. 'Let him go. We will attend to our lesson.'
- 'I want to look,' said Trip, struggling forward to get his head out. 'I see where he went.'
- 'Yes,' said Tommy; 'I see where he went. He slided down this roof, I can go down there. Let me get out, and I'll show you.'

So Tommy began at once to climb up upon the window-sill, in order to get out of the window.

But Juno gently restrained him, and endeavoured to call her class back to their duties.

- 'Then, let Trip and I go down and catch him,' said Tommy. 'We can catch him and bring him up-stairs to you.'
 - 'You can't catch him,' said Sally.
- 'I can,' said Tommy, speaking in a very emphatic and triumphant tone. 'I can run twice as fast as—'
- 'Hush! children, hush!' said Juno. 'Remember this is a Sunday-school. You must all take your seats and be still, and listen to me.'

Juno succeeded at last in getting the children into their seats again, but still they kept talking about Pompling's evasion.

'Never mind him,' said Juno. 'We will let him go. I don't wish to force any of my scholars to stay in my school. Only Pompling ought not to have gone in that manner. He ought to have asked me, and to have gone out properly, by the door.'

In order to recover the attention of her class, Juno determined not to go on any farther with the writing lesson, but told the children that if they would all sit down, and sit still, she would read them a story. So she opened her little Bible at a place where she had previously put in a mark, which was at the story of David and Goliath. She thought that this story was as good as any one that she could choose for the first day, as a means of

awakening an interest on the part of her scholars in Scripture readings.

So she began to read. She proceeded quite slowly, making explanations as she went on, and pausing a moment now and then, in order to allow any of the class to ask questions who might be so disposed. The children sometimes gazed at her, as she read, with an expression of wonder in their faces, and sometimes stared about the room, as if bewildered with the novelty of their situation. Then they looked towards the window, as if expecting to see Pompling coming back in the same manner that he went away.

Juno, however, went patiently on, read and explained her story, and as the excitement among the children gradually subsided, she began to feel quite encouraged in respect to her success. At length, seeing that Tommy was looking very earnestly towards her, as if deeply interested in something passing in his mind, doubtless, as she supposed, about the story, she paused a moment, thinking that, perhaps, he might wish to ask some question.

- 'I went a-fishing yesterday, I did,' said Tommy.
- 'Did you?' said Juno.
- 'Yes,' said Tommy; 'but I did not catch any fishes. The fishes would not get on.'
- 'It's a cause ye did not put worms on your pin,' said Trip.
 - 'Very well,' said Juno. 'Never mind about

that now. We must not talk about going a-fishing while we are in our Sunday-school. You must listen to the story that I am reading to you.'

So she went on reading and explaining, and doing all she could to interest the children in the details of the narrative. At length, just as she was coming to the crisis in the story, Trip, who was the youngest boy in the class, and was a very fat, sturdy-looking fellow, whose ruddy cheeks and stolid-looking countenance made him the very picture of dogged resolution, slipped down from his seat, walked deliberately toward the corner where the caps were lying, seized his own cap, put it on his head, and before Juno had time to recover her thoughts, he walked off toward the door, saying aloud, and very distinctly, but in a tone as if he were talking to himself,—

'I am going home now.'

On seeing and hearing this, Sally, who had been for some time becoming very restless, got down from her seat, and walked along, swinging her bonnet over her finger by one of the strings, saying,—

'And I, too. I'm tired.'

Juno in vain endeavoured to stop these deserters, and to persuade them to stay. They pushed by and went down-stairs, leaving Tommy and Rosalie with Juno alone.

Tommy looked for a moment quite bewildered. He gazed first at Juno, then at the door where Trip and Sally had gone out, and then at Rosalie, who, like a good girl, kept her seat quietly all the time. He seemed for a moment at a loss to know what to do. At length the resolution which he came to was indicated by his saying aloud to Rosalie,—

- 'We won't run away from the school, will we, Rosalie?'
 - 'No,' said Rosalie.

Juno was for a moment greatly distressed at finding herself deserted by almost the whole of her class. She was somewhat comforted to find that Tommy and Rosalie remained, and the relief which was thus afforded her was greatly increased by knowing that their remaining was not the result of accident, or of mere indecision on their part, but proceeded from a distinct determination not to follow the bad example which the others had set them.

Still she was very much troubled and distressed, and for a few moments she did not know what to do. She looked restless and undecided, and was really quite perplexed. Her indecision was, however, soon terminated by a call from her two remaining scholars.

- 'Read us the rest of the story, please,' said Rosalie.
- 'Yes,' said Tommy; 'read us the rest of the story.'
- 'Ah, yes,' said Juno, 'I will. And you are very good children to ask me for it. I won't be

discouraged as long as T have two such good scholars as you for my class.'

So Juno resumed the reading and explaining of the story, but she felt so much disappointed and so chagrined at the breaking up of her class that she had not much heart for continuing her work. Out of a class of seven only two were left; and she did not know what freak or caprice might seize them next, and leave her entirely alone.

She, however, went on with the story until she had finished it, and then she closed the school and dismissed the two scholars that remained. She told them that they had been very good scholars, and she made two good marks after their names in the class paper. She said that she should have some rewards next Sunday, and should give all the scholars that had good marks a reward.

- 'And now,' said Tommy, 'you must make a bad mark for Pompling, because he got out the window and went off before the school was half done.'.
- 'Poor Pompling!' said Juno; 'I am sorry he went away. I'll see about giving him a bad mark by-and-by.'
- 'And the others ought to have bad marks, too,' said Tommy.
 - 'We'll see,' said Juno.

So saying, she folded up her class paper and put it away; and then, after putting on her bonnet, she left the school-room with Tommy and Rosalie, and walked with them along the path which led toward home.

When Juno reached home she went up into her room, and for a time she felt greatly oppressed with a feeling of discouragement and despondency.

'I thought I could manage a class of such children as these,' said she, 'but I cannot; and I don't know what I shall do.'

In a word, Juno's dark hour had come.

CHAPTER XVI.

JUNO IS NOT DISCOURAGED.



UNO felt for a time very much distressed at the disappointment of all the fond hopes that she had cherished in respect to her class. She had been at first

quite sanguine in her expectations, as indeed most Sunday-school teachers are, before they begin. They imagine that everything will go smoothly and easily with them in their work, provided they only give the necessary time and attention to it. They seldom anticipate difficulty, disappointment, and apparent failure.

But one of the most valuable and precious results of the Sunday-school system, is the training which it gives to teachers themselves, in leading them to bear up manfully under the difficulties and trials which are almost sure to come, sooner or later, to all.

Juno was sitting at the window of her little room, thinking of the breaking up of her class, and of the failure of her hopes. The tears came into her eyes. She presently clasped her hands together, and looking up, prayed to God to give her strength, and perseverance, and guidance, that she might go on.

'Jesus was not discouraged,' she said to herself, 'when all his disciples forsook him and fled; and why should I be?'

Just then Juno heard a gentle knocking at her door. It was Georgie who was knocking.

For, notwithstanding that June was a servantgirl, Georgie was always polite enough to knock when he went to her room.

They tell a story of a nobleman who was walking along the road with his friend, when they met a poor peasant who took off his hat to the nobleman and made a bow. The nobleman raised his own hat and returned the bow.

'Why!' said his friend, 'do you take off your hat to that poor peasant?'

'What?' said the nobleman. 'Do you think a nobleman ought to be outdone in politeness by a poor peasant?'

If politeness is with us as a matter of principle, we shall show that kindness and consideration, of which politeness is the expression, to all alike, both rich and poor.

If, on the other hand, politeness is a matter of policy and selfishness with us, then we shall extend it only to the rich, who can make us some substantial return.

Georgie, as soon as he came into the room, was

eager to know how Juno had succeeded with her class.

- 'I wanted to go to your school very much, indeed,' said he, 'but mother said I had better go to my own.'
- 'Yes,' said Juno, 'and it is well you did, for I did not get along with my scholars well, at all.'

She then went on to explain to Georgie all that had happened.

Georgie looked quite concerned while he was hearing the story. After she had finished her account, he seemed for a moment lost in thought. In a few moments, however, his countenance brightened up, and he said,

- 'Now, Juno, I'll tell you exactly what I would do. I would let these bad children all go, and I would not have anything more to do with them. You have got two good children left—Rosalie and Tommy. I would have them in my school and nobody else.'
- 'Not unless,' he added after a short pause, 'you should happen to find some more good children to come. As for Pomp and all the rest that went off, I would not let them come back at any rate.'
- 'Ah, but Georgie,' said Juno, 'you forget. The very object of the Sunday-school is to make children better. The worse they are, the more important it is that they should go to one. So you see if I am

going to give up any of my children, I had better give up the good ones.'

'But, Juno,' said Georgie, looking very grave, and shaking his head ominously, 'I'm very sure that if you attempt to do anything with those bad boys, you will have nothing but trouble.'

'Very likely,' said Juno, 'but I did not undertake to be a Sunday-school teacher to save myself trouble. If I did, I made a great mistake.'

Here Georgie began suddenly to feel in his pockets.

- 'I believe I have got a letter for you, Juno,' said he. 'I came pretty near forgetting it.'
- 'A letter for me!' repeated Juno, surprised. 'Who is it from?'
- 'It is from Miss Osborne,' said Georgie. 'At least she gave it to me. She gave it to me when I was coming out of the school.'

So saying, Georgie produced a small letter, or rather envelope, containing what seemed to be a letter or note, though it felt somewhat stiff. The name Juno was written on the outside. On opening the envelope, Juno found a card. The name of Mary Osborne was printed on one side, and on the other was written in a very neat and pretty hand the following:

'RULE FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

'Take but little notice of the faults of your pupils, except to show that you observe them. On

the other hand, notice particularly and commend everything that is good, even if it is at first very little. What children require is, not scolding and punishment for what is wrong, but encouragement and a gentle and gradual training in what is right.'

'That's the very way I'll manage,' said Juno to herself, after she had read the above rule. 'That's the best way, I am sure.'

Then she turned over the card and looked at Mary Osborne's name on the other side. She looked at it a long time with a very fond and grateful expression of countenance. She then kissed the card and put it back in its envelope, and finally put it away in a box among her choicest treasures.

'I'll follow that advice,' said she to herself, as she put the card away. 'I'll take good care of the good children that stayed to the end, and I won't scold the others, or find fault with them at all, but see if I can't entice them to come back, by treating them kindly. Poor things! I don't think they knew very well what they were doing. They have not had anybody to teach them what is right and what is wrong. So I won't begin with scolding and punishing them. But I must have some rewards. Let me see! What shall I have for rewards?'

On reflecting upon this subject, Juno concluded that the best thing she could have for rewards would be apples. 'There's nothing,' she said to herself, 'that such children as they are, like so well as apples. A peck of apples will last me a long time for rewards, and I can buy a peck of apples for ten cents.'

There were plenty of apples in the house, and Juno knew very well that Georgie's mother would be entirely willing that she should take as many as she wished for such a purpose. Bút Juno thought she would prefer to buy the apples herself, so as to be perfectly independent. Besides, she had plenty of money. She had good wages, and she was very prudent and judicious in her expenditures, so that she always had plenty of money on hand for all such purposes as these.

The plan, however, of buying herself the apples to be used for rewards in her school, was changed that evening, in consequence of a conversation which Georgie's mother had with her after tea. She asked Juno how she had succeeded with her school that afternoon.

Juno said she did not succeed quite as well as she had expected.

'I did not know how to manage so many children very well,' said she. 'I never had but one at a time before. But perhaps I shall learn.'

'It was not Juno's fault at all, mother,' said Georgie. 'It was their fault. They were very bad boys.'

'Perhaps they did not know any better,' said his mother. 'I suppose they have not been to school before, and have not had anybody to teach them.'

'Why, mother,' said Georgie, 'one of them scrambled out of the window, and then slid down the roof of a shed to the ground, and so ran off. Any boy, no matter how little he is, might know that it is wrong to do such a thing as that in school time; or, at any rate, any boy that is big enough to do it, might know.'

'That is true,' said his mother. 'But you must not mind such things, Juno. You must expect such things at first, and you must not get discouraged.'

'I am not discouraged,' said Juno. 'I am going to persevere.'

'And, Juno,' added Georgie's mother, 'if you can think of anything that I can do to help you about your school, it would be a real kindness to me if you would let me know. I would buy some books for them, but I suppose your scholars can't read.'

'They can't read yet,' said Juno, 'but I am going to try to teach them, and I think I should like a few books very much indeed. But that will not be for some time yet, if ever.'

In reflecting on this conversation afterwards, and on the desire which Georgie's mother expressed to do something to aid her in her work, Juno concluded to propose to her to give her some apples for rewards to her scholars. Georgie's mother

seemed very much pleased when Juno made this request, and she told her to take as many apples as she pleased from the store-room for this purpose, and at any time.

'Which kind shall you take, Juno,' asked Georgie, 'the golden balls or the rosies?'

There were two bins of apples in the storeroom, one of which contained a rosy apple, very juicy and mellow, and of a very pleasant taste. The apples in the other bin were of a golden yellow colour, and were very large and sweet. Georgie used to distinguish the two kinds by calling one of them the rosies and the other the golden balls. Sometimes he liked one kind best and sometimes the other.

'Which kind do you advise me to take?' asked Juno.

'Well,—let me see,' said Georgie. 'It is hard to say. Whichever kind you give them they will like it better than the other. It's a pity you can't give them one of each.'

'I might give them sometimes one and sometimes the other,' said Juno. 'I know what I'll do. I'll have two kinds of rewards. I'll have the rosy apples as rewards for attendance, and the golden balls for behaviour.'

CHAPTER XVII.

JUNO WILL NOT DISCOURAGE HER SCHOLARS.



FEW days after the first opening of Juno's school, as she was walking along the street of the village—having been sent there on an errand by

Georgie's mother—she saw Pompling standing on the side-walk a little way before her. He was looking up into a tree, thinking he saw a bird's nest there, and wondering whether he could climb up and get it.

Pretty soon Pompling heard the sound of footsteps, and looking up he saw Juno coming. She was pretty near before he saw her. The recollection of his escapade from school immediately rushed upon his mind, and his first impulse was to run away. He accordingly turned, and set off at full speed.

'Stop, Pompling,' said Juno. 'Stop a moment. You have not got your apple.'

Pompling hearing the word apple, was arrested by it. He stopped running, and turned round as if to hear what more Juno had to say. At the same time he went on, walking backwards, as if he still intended to make good his retreat.

- 'I owe you an apple, or at least half an apple,' said Juno.
 - 'What for?' asked Pompling.
- 'Come here,' said Juno, beckoning to him. 'Come here and I'll tell you.'
- 'No,' said Pompling, shaking his head suspiciously, and still walking backwards as fast as Juno advanced, so as to keep at the same distance from her.
- 'You see,' said Juno, 'that I am going to have apples for the rewards in my school—the rosies for attendance, and the golden balls for good behaviour. You stayed in my school like a good boy about half the time, and so you ought to have half of one of my rosies. I don't mind giving you a whole rosy, for I have no doubt you will come some day and stay half the time again.'
- 'I'll come next Sunday if you like,' said Pompling.
- 'Well,' said Juno, 'and then I'll give you the apple.'

Pompling finding that the conversation was taking thus rather a friendly turn, had slackened his pace, so that by this time Juno had very nearly come up with him.

- 'What were you looking at up in that tree?' she asked.
- 'There's a bird's nest up there, I believe,' said Pompling.

- 'Do you want to climb up and see ?' said Juno.
- 'I can't climb up,' said Pompling. 'The lower branches are too high.'
- 'Come back to the tree,' said Juno, 'and I'll lift you up till you can reach the lower branches.'

So Juno held out her hand and Pompling gave her his, and they walked back to the tree together in the most friendly manner possible. Juno lifted Pompling up, or rather helped him up, by lifting and pushing, until he reached the lower limbs.

'There you are,' said Juno. 'I like to help you up to see a bird's nest, because I know you won't do anything to harm the little birds or frighten the old ones.'

'No,' said Pompling, 'I won't hurt them.'

'Once I knew a boy,' said Juno, 'who took the eggs out of a robin's nest and carried them off and broke them to pieces. And what do you think was the consequence of that?'

'The eagles came and picked his eyes out?' asked Pompling, guessing.

'No,' said Juno, 'it was not quite so bad as that. But the next year there were four less robins in that town than there would have been if he had not destroyed those eggs, and so much less singing.'

By this time Pompling had reached the nest. Just before he reached it the mother bird, who was there sitting upon her eggs, heard him coming, and flew away. Pompling called out to Juno as soon as he was high enough to see, and said that he had found the nest, and that there were four eggs in it.

- 'Four speckled eggs,' said he, 'and pretty big ones.'
- 'That's exactly right,' said Juno, 'they ought to be speckled, and there ought to be four. By-and-by there will be four little birds in the nest, that is, if the mother bird does not get frightened away and forsake it. Come down now softly and she will come back, and the next time I come by here, if you are here, I will hoist you up again and let you see if the eggs are hatched.'

So Pompling came down to the lower branches, and there Juno assisted in letting him down gently to the ground. He then turned to go towards his home, while Juno went on her way.

- 'I'll bring the rosy for you next Sunday afternoon,' said Juno, turning back toward Pompling.
 - 'Yes,' said Pompling, 'I'll come.'
- 'And there is something I want you to do for me,' said Juno, 'if you will.'
 - 'Well,' said Pompling, 'I'll do it.'
- 'There were two other scholars of mine that stayed in the school like good children half of the time, and then they got tired and went home. You know them. One was Trip and the other was Sally Lane.'
 - 'Yes,' said Pompling, 'I know them.'
 - 'I want you to go and find them,' added Juno,

'and tell them they were good children to stay so patiently half of the time, and that I have got a reward for them, half an apple apiece. If they had stayed the whole time they would have had a whole apple. But I don't blame them for getting tired.'

Observe, Juno did not say that she did not blame the children for leaving the school without permission and going home, but only for feeling tired, which last they certainly were not to blame for.

It may seem strange to children accustomed to know what good behaviour is, that Juno, in dealing with two little truants, who ran away from school for half the time, should reward them for the little time they stayed, instead of punishing them for going away. She did this simply in obedience to Mary Osborne's advice, which was that she should seize upon the good which she could find in her children, and build upon that, taking little notice of the bad, except to show that she observed it. Accordingly, as the children had sat still and patiently for a quarter of an hour, she thought she might properly consider that as something good, and so offer a reward for it.

In fact, such a course, besides being in accordance with Mary Osborne's advice, was really right and proper. Such children as these, who have never been at school, and have never been taught the principles of duty in any way, or the nature of

right and wrong, are to be considered and treated almost as if they were little animals, and it is not reasonable to expect from them much more self-control than you would look for in a kitten, or a young colt, that you were trying to teach. If we find in them any degree of willing effort, or self-denial, however little, and however transient it may be, it is a good beginning, and must be encouraged and fostered, and it will grow and increase, and in time it will lead to a complete transformation in the character.

But to return to the story. Juno having sent her message by Pompling to Trip and Sally, who had left the school in the midst of the exercises, now turned her thoughts toward Oliver and Dick, who, it will be remembered, ran off and hid when they saw her coming for them on Sunday morning. She was very desirous of finding some opportunity of communicating with them.

'If I could only get an opportunity of speaking to them,' she said to herself, 'and talking a few minutes with them about anything, even if I should not say a word about the Sunday-school, it would do some good, perhaps. It might make them not so much afraid of me.'

Juno accordingly determined that every time she had occasion to go to the village that week, she would take pains to pass the houses in which Oliver and Dick lived, in hopes of seeing one or both of the boys, and of falling into conversation with them. She did this two or three times during the week without seeing either of the boys, but at last, on Saturday, her plan succeeded.

It happened that on that day, as she was leaving the house to go into the village on some errand for Georgie's mother, Georgie called to her, after she had proceeded a few steps from the door.

- 'Juno,' said he, 'could you do an errand for me too ?'
 - 'Yes,' said Juno, 'with pleasure.'
- 'I want you to buy me two fish-hooks,' said Georgie. 'Here is the money. One cent. That's just what they will come to.'

So Juno took the money and went on. She stopped at the hardware store and bought the fish-hooks. She had some doubt about the size, as Georgie had given her no particular directions on that point, but she decided as well as she could. The hardware man put the fish-hooks up in a paper, and Juno took them and went on.

She came, as usual, by a somewhat round-about way home, in order to pass by the houses where her runaway scholars lived. As she came near Oliver's house, she saw, to her great joy, that both Oliver and Dick were there. They were standing together by the gate.

Oliver, who was rather the smallest of the boys, was the first to see Juno coming.

'Dick,' said he, speaking in an under-tone, 'look, here comes Juno. Let us run.'

The two boys had been talking together a little while before about their running away from Juno on the last Sunday, so as to escape from going to Sunday-school.

'I ain't going to run,' said Dick. 'I ain't afraid of her. There ain't no Sunday-school to-day.'

By this time Juno, holding the paper of fish-hooks in her hand, had come up near enough to speak.

- 'Boys,' said she, 'do you know about fish-hooks?'
- 'Yes,' said Dick, speaking up in a bold and decided tone.
 - 'Then come here and tell me about these.'

So saying, Juno began to open her paper carefully. The boys ran out eagerly to see.

- 'Are those good fish-hooks?' said she, holding open the paper.
- 'Let me see,' said Dick, eagerly, 'I can tell.' So saying he took up one of the fish-hooks and began to examine it attentively.
 - 'Yes,' said he, 'they're very good.'
- 'And are they of the right size?' asked Juno.
- 'Yes,' replied Dick, 'they're the right size for trout.'
- 'I am glad of that,' said Juno, folding up the fish-hooks in the paper again. 'They are some that I bought for a boy about as big as you, and I

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did not know whether they were of the right kind, so that he would like them.'

So Juno smiled upon the boys by way of thanking them for their opinion, and then began to walk on.

This interview, though very brief, made an extremely favourable impression upon the minds of the boys, and altered entirely their feelings toward It operated in several ways to produce this In the first place, it interested them to see effect. the fish-hooks. Then it pleased them to have their opinions asked in regard to the size and quality of The kind and friendly manner, too, in which Juno talked with them, and nodded goodbye to them when she went away, touched their hearts, and made them think she felt friendly toward them; and last, though not least, the idea that she was a person who was sometimes the means of procuring fish-hooks for boys, presented her in a very favourable light to their minds.

Juno walked on a few steps, the boys remaining all the time in the road, where she had left them, and looking after her as if sorry that so pleasant an incident was so soon over, when Juno turned and addressed them again, walking along backward, however, as she did.

'Boys,' said she, 'I have got a Sunday-school, and to-morrow I am going to show my scholars something curious. If you'll come I'll show it to you, too. I think you'd like to see it.'

- 'What is it?' asked Dick.
- 'I can't stop to tell you about it now,' said Juno, 'but come and see. My school is at Pompling's house. You won't have to come into the school, for I'll show you the curious thing at the door before the school begins, and then you can go away if you like.'

So saying, Juno turned round and walked on.

- 'Would you go?' said Dick to Oliver, after a moment's pause.
- 'No,' said Oliver. 'She'll make us go into her school.
- 'She said we needn't go in at all,' said Dick.
 'We can see the curious thing at the door. Let's go.'
- 'No,' said Oliver. 'You may depend that if she gets us to the door she'll make us go in.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

JUNO'S LOST SHEEP RECOVERED.



HEN Juno met Oliver and Dick in the road, at the time that she showed them the fish-hooks, and invited them to come to the door of her school-

room to see a curious thing that she was going to show her scholars, she had no particular curiosity in mind that she was intending to show them, nor indeed had she had, a moment before, any intention of showing her scholars any curiosity at all. It was a sudden thought which came to her mind on the spur of the moment. She knew that the prospect of seeing something curious would be quite attractive to such children as Dick and Oliver, and also that it would be a good thing for her class if she were to carry something curious to show them. She knew too that she could find many things that would serve this purpose, though she did not decide at once which she should choose. She fully decided, however, to choose something. and so she felt safe in telling the boys that she would show them something curious if they came,

On her way home she began to think what it would be best for her to take.

'I know what I can do,' she said to herself, as she walked along. 'I will ask Georgie to let me have something out of his museum.'

Georgie had a museum, which contained a great variety of treasures. Some were artificial curiosities which he had bought at the shops, or had been presented to him by his mother. these were a gyroscope—and a Chinese image that tumbled head over heels, in a very slow and deliberate way, down a flight of stairs, by means of some internal mechanism—and a locomotive engine that. after being wound up, would run across the floor two or three times—and a magnifying glass for making little things look great-and a small spyglass for making distant things look near-and a mechanical mouse, which could be wound up, like the locomotive, by means of a key, and so made to run about, on a table or on the floor, in a manner so natural and mouse-like as would deceive any cat in the world.

Georgie had, besides these, a number of natural curiosities, many of which he had collected himself. There was a wasps' nest, attached to a twig—and flowers which Georgie had pressed, and gummed upon sheets of paper—and several pretty shells—and a box of coins—and the rattle from the tail of a rattlesnake, which somebody had given him—and a ball of cotton, showing how the cotton grows

upon the tree—and a great many other things too numerous to mention.

'I am sure that Georgie will lend me some curiosity to show my class,' said Juno, as she walked along the road, 'and I'll ask him as soon as I get home.'

Georgie came out very eagerly to meet Juno as she approached the house, being impatient to learn whether she had brought his fish-hooks. He took his station at the front gate and awaited her coming.

- 'Juno,' said he, as soon as she came within hearing, 'is it all right?'
- 'All right,' said Juno, holding up the paper containing the fish-hooks in her hand. 'And he says if they are not the right size he will exchange them. But I showed them to Dick and Oliver, coming along, and they think they are of exactly the right size for trout.'
- 'What made you show them to Dick and Oliver?' asked Georgie.
- 'Because I met them in the road,' replied Juno, 'and I thought it would please them. Besides, I wanted to make the fish-hooks do as much good as possible.'
- 'I would not have done anything at all to please them,' said Georgie, 'such boys as they? To run away when you came for them to go to Sundayschool!'
 - 'Ah, but I was in hopes to make them come to

Sunday-school the next time,' said Juno. 'And that was, after all, the principal thing that made me wish to stop and speak to them.'

- 'Did they promise to come?' asked Georgie.
- 'They did not actually promise,' replied Juno.
 'But I told them I was going to carry something curious to school, to show to my class, and that if they would come as far as to the door I would show it to them.'
 - 'And then when you get them as far as the door,' rejoined Georgie, 'you are going to catch them and make them go in.'
 - 'No, indeed,' said Juno. 'Do you think that kind of management would be like me?'
 - 'No,' replied Georgie, speaking thoughtfully. 'It would not be like you, but it would be like some people. But what is the curious thing that you are going to show them?'
 - 'That's just the question,' said Juno. 'I did not know but that you would lend me something out of your museum, and so help me a little about my Sunday-school.'
 - 'Yes,' said Georgie. 'I will help you all I can. You may take anything you like out of my museum. And I'll tell you what I advise you to take. I advise you to take my kaleidoscope. There is not anything among all the curiosities I have got that will please such boys and girls as they, so much as my kaleidoscope.'

This kaleidoscope of Georgie's was not a costly

one, but it was a very pretty one, and the effect produced, in looking through it, of brilliant and beautiful figures, so regular in form, and so resplendent in colour, was really quite extraordinary. On reflection, Juno was well convinced that the kaleidoscope was the best thing that she could take. Accordingly the next day, when the time arrived for her to go to the school, she rolled up the kaleidoscope in a paper, and put it in her pocket. Then taking her Bible in her hand, she set out for Pompey's.

Besides the kaleidoscope in her pocket, she had a number of apples, to be used as rewards. All these things loaded down her pocket a good deal, and she determined that she would make a bag to carry her apples in, before next Sunday.

She called, on her way, for two or three of her scholars, but not for Dick or Oliver. She hoped that they would come of their own accord. She was not entirely disappointed in this expectation, for when she reached Pompey's house and was going in by the yard which led toward the back room, there she saw Oliver, standing at the door which led to her school-room. Dick, however, was not to be seen.

It is a little curious that it was Oliver and not Dick that Juno found waiting at the door of the school-room, for Oliver had declared that he would not go, while Dick had said that he would go. Both the boys had, in fact, altered their minds. Oliver, on reflecting on the subject afterwards, had concluded, that since Dick was not afraid of being made to go into the school if he went to the door, there was no occasion for him to be afraid. On the other hand, Dick, in reconsidering the subject, had concluded that there might be something in what Oliver had said, and so he determined on the whole that he would not go.

Pompling had given the message about the rewards to both Trip and Sally Lane. Trip concluded on the whole that he would come for his apple; but Sally Lane, either not caring much about apples, or else not really believing that she would get one, did not come.

'Ah, children!' said Juno, as she came up to the door, 'I am very glad to see so many of you here. I expect I shall have a very good class to-day. I had a very good class last Sunday. There were only three wrong things done. Three of the scholars went away before the school was dismissed, and that is very wrong in them. But I don't believe that any will go away to-day.'

Here Juno took the kaleidoscope out of her pocket and began to unroll the paper.

'I have brought something curious to-day to show to you all,' she continued. 'I am going to show it to Oliver here at the door, because I promised him I would. And then he can go away. I shall show it to the rest of you in school, after the lessons.'

'On the whole,' she continued, 'I believe I will show it to you twice—once before the lessons, and then again a second time, all around, after the lessons. You will have more time to see it, too, in the school-room, than I could spare here. But Oliver may see it here.'

So saying, Juno, having now entirely unrolled the paper, held the kaleidoscope to Oliver's right eye, while she put her finger upon the lid of his left eye so as to keep that one shut. Oliver, as soon as he caught a view of the beautiful configurations within, uttered a long exclamation of delight.

'Let me see!' 'Let me see!' exclaimed the other children, all in one voice.

'Yes,' said Juno, 'as soon as we go up-stairs. Run up the stairs now as fast as you can.'

So Juno, taking the kaleidoscope away from Oliver's eye, began to follow her scholars up-stairs. Oliver remained at the bottom of the stairs, seemingly uncertain what to do.

'You can come if you choose, Oliver,' said Juno. 'Indeed I should be very glad to have you come. Only I won't try to make you come, because the bargain I made with you was to show you the curious thing at the door, and not make you come in.'

Oliver hung his head and looked as if he did not know exactly what to do, and so Juno went on.

As soon as she had entered the school-room, she directed her scholars to take their seats, and then she let them all see the kaleidoscope in turn, allowing each one to look through it for one minute as nearly as she could guess at the time, for she had not any watch.

Then she told them that it was time for the school to begin, and so she commenced and went on with the exercises much as she had done on the previous Sunday.

In a few minutes, as she happened to turn her eye towards the door, she saw Oliver there peeping in. She did not stop in what she was saying, but beckoned with her hand and pointed to a seat. Oliver came in and took his seat, and so now Juno had five of her scholars all in their places and behaving well. These were all but two that belonged to the school.

After Juno had finished what she called the lessons, and the time arrived for closing the school, she showed the children the kaleidoscope again, all round, twice. They were all, of course, greatly pleased with it. Then, after distributing the rewards as she had promised, she dismissed the scholars, inviting them all as they went away to come again next Sunday afternoon.

I ought, perhaps, to say that Juno had for a time some little doubt about the propriety of carrying a kaleidoscope to school to show children on Sunday. But on reflection she considered that since God displays every Sunday before the eyes of all the world, the blue skies, the green fields, the blooming flowers, and the thousand other beauties of nature which He has made for the enjoyment and instruction of man, there could not be any objection to her showing the colours of the kaleidoscope on that day to her little scholars, if it would tend to please them and make them happy, and also make them like better to come to her Sunday-school.

CHAPTER XIX.

JUNO AND THE VERY BAD BOY.



UNO'S class went on, upon the whole, quite tolerably well after she got over the difficulties which she met with at the beginning, as related in the pre-

vious chapters. Her scholars, most of them, at least, came quite punctually to the school, and though, at first, some of them were inclined to be somewhat restless, and sometimes even disorderly, they gradually improved in this respect, until at last their behaviour became quite good, considering how young they were.

They grew more and more interested, too, in the lessons, that is to say, in the stories which Juno read and explained to them from the Bible, and in learning to read the words and sentences which she chalked for them on the board.

The first sentence which Juno wrote for them, and taught them to read, was as follows:

A cat and a dog had a ride in a car.

Juno made up this sentence on purpose for her class. It had two words in it, namely—cat and

aog-that were as different from each other as possible. Almost the first lesson for the children was to learn to distinguish one of these words from the other, so as to know either of them, when Juno wrote it. They learned this very easily, and were then quite pleased to find that they were beginning to know how to read. Then there were two words almost exactly alike, cat and car, and it afforded the children a different sort of practice to distinguish these. In these words, too, Juno brought her class to the beginning of the study of the letters, by turning their attention particularly to the difference between the t and the r at the ends of them. Then, moreover, the word a came four times in the lesson, and it encouraged the children very much to find that after they had once learned a letter they could read it very easily whenever they came to it again.

Juno considered all the scholars that she had first engaged as belonging to her school, and she felt a certain degree of responsibility for every one of them. There were two, however, that did not come, Dick and Sally Lane. Juno did not, on this account, dismiss them from her thoughts. On the contrary, the more disinclined a child was to come to the Sunday-school, the more, as she thought, he needed the good influences of such instruction. As for Sally Lane, there was no particular difficulty. It was simply that she would not come to the school. But Dick, besides refusing to come, made

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Juno a great deal of trouble. In fact, he was quite a bad boy for one so young. He was older than most of Juno's scholars, though even he was not more than nine or ten. But he tried to exert the influence that his age gave him over the other children in a very bad way. He attempted to persuade them, during the week, not to come to the Sunday-school, and on Sundays he used to station himself on the way leading toward Pompey's house, and there intercept the children, and try to persuade them to go off to play with him, instead of going to the school.

And when he could not succeed in doing this, before he saw Juno coming, he would hide in the bushes, and as soon as Juno had passed, he would throw stones after her, along the path.

It is true, he did not throw the stones far enough to reach her. He did not dare to do that. So that his throwing them was nothing more than an exhibition of impotent spite; but in the sight of God, who looks at the heart, the action was just about as bad as if he had thrown the stones far enough to hit her and to hurt her.

One day he did something even worse than this. Juno was accustomed to keep some of her apples—such as were left over on any Sunday after the distribution of her rewards—in a small wooden box, which served for a chest to shut them up in, which box she used to put away in a dark place in the garret, under the eaves, just outside the school-

room, where she thought they would be safe till the next week. One Sunday, when she came to open her box, she found that the apples were all gone.

She was quite troubled at this—not, indeed, on account of the loss of the apples, nor because her scholars would have to go without any rewards that day—but she suspected that some of her children might have taken the fruit, and it grieved her to think that any of them would steal.

She found out afterwards that it was Dick who had purloined the apples. Pompling had told him about them, and he had persuaded Pompling to show him the way to the back shed, and then help him climb up upon the roof of it. Once upon the roof, Dick had no great difficulty in scrambling up the slope of it, at the same place where Pompling had slid down on the day of his evasion, and so getting in, through the window, into the school-room. There, after some search, he found the apples, and brought them all down in his pockets and cap. When he got down he gave one apple to Pompling. and charged him not to tell, and then carried the rest of the apples away. Pompling did not think that one apple was enough to pay him for keeping the secret, and so he told Juno all about the affair.

One day, about a fortnight after this, Juno, in walking into the village, saw Mr Osborne's carriage coming along the road. The carriage was open, and Mary Osborne and another young lady were sitting together upon the back seat. The coach-

man, who was a coloured man, sat upon the box outside.

- 'Cato,' said Mary Osborne, 'is not that Juno, a little before us, on the side-walk?'
 - 'Yes, Miss Osborne,' said Cato. 'That is Juno.'
- 'Then turn up to the side-walk when we come to where she is,' said Mary Osborne, 'and stop. I wish to speak to her.'

So Cato turned the horses aside and stopped. Mary Osborne bowed to Juno and smiled, and then began immediately to ask about her Sunday-school. After answering several questions, Juno said,

- 'I follow the advice you was so kind as to send me, to make as much as I can of the good in my scholars, and not take a great deal of notice of the bad, and I find it succeeds very well.'
- 'I am very glad to hear you say so,' said Miss Osborne.
- 'I find it does very well,' continued Juno, 'to praise and reward the good when there is any good. But what shall I do when I have got a boy that there is not any good in at all?'
- 'Why, that is rather a hard case,' said Miss Osborne, smiling. 'But I will tell you what you must do. You must try to contrive some way to entice him into doing some good or other, and then praise him for that. Perhaps you can give him a start in that way. But have you really got a scholar so bad that you can't find any good in him at all?'

- 'One,' said Juno.
- 'I should not think he could stay in your schoolroom a single day,' said Mary Osborne, 'without your finding something in him that you could speak well of.'
- 'That's just the difficulty,' said Juno. 'He won't come to the school at all—so that I have no chance.'
- 'But you said he was one of your scholars,' said Miss Osborne. 'What makes you call him your scholar if he does not come to your school?'
- 'I don't know exactly,' said Juno. 'He is on my list; and I want to make him a good boy.'
- 'You must come and tell me about him,' said Miss Osborne. 'Stop at our house the first evening, when you are going by, and we will talk the matter over. I must not stop any longer now.'

So Mary Osborne, after bidding Juno goodbye, sat back in her seat again, and the carriage went on.

Juno was greatly strengthened and encouraged by the interest which Miss Osborne took in her work, independent of the benefit which she derived from her counsel. But this counsel was of very great advantage to her, too; and on reflecting upon the conversation above related, she found that it afforded her a clue to the treatment of Dick's case, which brought to her mind quite a little gleam of hope in respect to it.

'That's it,' said she to herself. 'I must entice

him into doing some good, if it is ever so little, and then praise him for it, and so let him taste the pleasure of being a good boy, and of having people think well of him, and that will be a good beginning.'

'And then another thing I must do,' said Juno.
'I must contrive some way to make him *like* me.
If I can only get him to like me, he will be much more ready to do as I say. And to make him begin to like me I must try to find out something that I can do for him.'

'No,' she added, after a moment's pause. 'No. It will be better for me to get him to do something for me.'

June would have found it very difficult to explain to herself why she thought the best way to make Dick begin to like her was to induce him to do her a favour rather than for her to do him one. It was in some sense an instinctive feeling that led her to this conclusion, not any theory. Her idea, however, was very correct. In dealing with persons who are inferior to us, either in age, wealth, influence, or station, we can generally commence a good understanding with them much more easily by asking a kindness of them than by offering one to them. It is different, in some respects, when the person is our superior.

I might endeavour to explain the philosophy of this principle, but it would take me too far away from my story. In the mean while, as time passed on, Dick seemed to be growing worse and worse, and to take a position of more and more decided opposition to Juno's school. The next Sunday after Juno's conversation with Miss Osborne he waylaid the scholars as usual, and tried to entice them away from the school. Then, after the school began, he came into Pompey's yard and endeavoured to interrupt the exercises by making strange noises outside, in order to attract the attention of the children. At last, about the middle of the reading lesson, the children all began suddenly to look toward the window and laugh, and Juno, on looking round, saw Dick's face there outside, his nose flattened against the glass, and his features twisted into most horrible contortions.

The instant after Juno caught a view of the face it suddenly disappeared, and she could hear a sliding noise down the roof, ended by a sound as of some one falling a little way to the ground, and a moment afterward footsteps as of a boy running away. She went to the window and opened it, but there was nobody to be seen.

CHAPTER XX.

MANAGEMENT OF DICK.



attempting to carry into effect her plan of endeavouring to reclaim the bad boy Dick, by first contriving some way herself for inducing him to do a

right thing, and then commending him for it, and also by awakening a friendly feeling on his part toward her, by leading him to do her a favour, Juno was for a time quite at a loss what to propose to him to do. At length, however, she decided. What her plan was will be seen in the sequel.

She watched during several days for an opportunity to speak to Dick in the street, or near his house, but without success. Whenever Dick saw her coming, he invariably ran away out of sight before she came near.

At length one day, in turning a corner, she came upon Dick so unexpectedly that he did not have time to run. He stopped, however, suddenly, and began to fall back, all ready apparently to set off in an instant, in case he should see any indication of hostile intentions against him on the part of Juno.

Juno, in order not to increase his alarm, at once slackened her pace and advanced very slowly.

'Dick,' said she, 'is that you?'

'Yes,' replied Dick, scowling, 'and you let me alone.'

'Why, Dick!' said Juno, 'you are not afraid of me, I hope. I would not hurt you for the world.'

Dick continued to retreat, walking backward, and watching every movement made by Juno with a look half of fear and half of defiance.

'I want to find a boy about as big as you to do something for me,' said Juno. 'If you will do it I'll give you two cents.'

So unexpected a turn as this to the conversation quite bewildered Dick for a moment. He stared, looked surprised, and seemed not to know what to say. Suspicion and fear, however, triumphed in his mind, and after a moment's pause he said, with a sort of ghastly grin on his face, while he went on backwards as fast as Juno advanced.—

'Eh-h-h, I know what you want! You want to catch me.'

'To catch you!' said Juno. 'No, indeed. There is no reason why I should want to catch you. Don't you remember the day I showed you and Oliver the fish-hooks? If I had wished to catch you, I should have done it then.'

The recollection of the fish-hooks and of the friendly interview which he and Oliver had had

with Juno on that occasion, seemed to exert a favourable influence upon Dick's mind, for he now stopped, though he still looked upon Juno very suspiciously, as she advanced, and asked her what she wanted him to do for her.

'I want you to go into the woods,' said Juno, 'and help me get some moss. But you will have to wade in the brook to get it. You can wade, can't you?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Dick, proudly. 'I can wade up to my neck if you want me to.'

'Oh, no!' rejoined Juno, 'not so deep as that. You would not have to wade more than up to your knees. You see the moss grows on the steep bank of the brook, where I can't reach it, and I thought if I could get a pretty large boy like you to roll up his trowsers and wade in the water, he could strip it off for me very easily.'

'Well,' said Dick, 'I'll go. And it is no matter about any pay. I'll do it for nothing. I'd just as lief wade in the water as not.'

'That, is very generous in you,' said Juno, 'to offer to do it for nothing; but I would rather pay the two cents.'

Juno was very glad indeed to hear Dick say he would help her without pay, for it showed that her plan had succeeded. She had contrived to entice him into a good state of feeling, and one which she could honestly commend. The truth is, that there was in Dick's heart, as there is in that of all boys,

however bad they may seem, a vein of kindness and goodwill, and Juno had struck it.

It was, however, only in a very small degree that Dick was influenced by kindness and goodwill in his offer, and even in that small degree it was brought about in a great measure by the compliment which Juno paid him in calling him a pretty big boy, a compliment which, moreover, he thought was well deserved, as he thought he was a pretty big boy in comparison with the others that he generally played with.

So it was agreed that Dick should go with Juno and help her gather the moss. The time appointed was five o'clock that afternoon. Juno was to bring a basket to contain the moss when it was gathered, and was to meet Dick at a certain corner near the village.

The use which Juno was intending to make of the moss was this. Georgie's mother had a number of flower-pots, which stood in two long shallow boxes lined with zinc, which were placed upon a shelf in one of her windows. There were three flower-pots in each box, the box serving as a saucer for them all. In watering these flowers, Juno always poured the water into the box, from which it was drawn up into the earth around and among the roots of the plants, through a hole in the bottom of each pot, by means of what the philosophers call capillary attraction.

Now it had occurred to Juno, that if she could

get some clean sand, sufficient to form a layer all around the pots in the boxes, of about an inch in depth, and then should cover the sand with a carpet of green moss to come up just level with the top of the boxes, the whole arrangement would be much improved in appearance. The flower pots would be seen half buried in a bed of rich green moss, and she could water the flowers by pouring the water in upon the moss, just as she had poured it into the boxes before. By this means the sand would always be kept wet, and the moss green, and the flowers, moreover, 'would have a constant supply of moisture coming up around their roots from below.

Dick was, true to his appointment, at the corner that afternoon, and he and Juno proceeded together to the woods. On the way Juno explained to Dick what she wanted the moss for. He was quite interested in the account which she gave him of her plans. He was for a time somewhat shy in the conversation, expecting, as he did, every moment that Juno would begin to talk to him about his misdeeds. But finding that she showed no disposition to introduce any disagreeable topics of discourse, he gradually began to feel more at his ease.

When they got into the woods and arrived at the place in the brook where the mossy banks were, Dick rolled up his trowsers and waded into the water. There he very soon peeled off enough of the moss to fill Juno's basket heaping full. At length he came out of the water and turned down his trowsers again, and put on his shoes. Juno then paid him his two cents.

'Thank you,' said Dick. 'But you need not have given me any pay.'

'Oh, yes,' said Juno. 'You have earned it. You have done the work very well indeed. You have done me more than two cents' worth of good.'

'And how are you going to get your sand?' asked Dick.

'I am going down to the river for it to-morrow,' said Juno. 'There is better sand there than there is here in the brook. I can get the sand myself, without any help, because there is no wading to be done.'

'Let me go with you,' said Dick.

Juno said she would be very glad to have Dick go with her, and so a new appointment was made for the next day.

To make a long story short, Juno and Dick after this became the best friends in the world. Dick found, on trial, that it was a great deal better and more agreeable for him to be on good terms with Juno, and have her like him, and praise him, than for him to hate her and try to do her harm. The very next Sunday he came to the Sunday-school. Juno never made any allusion to his past misconduct, but acted in all respects just as if she had never known anything of him before the day on which he went with her to help gather the moss.

It is true that as a scholar he made her often a good deal of trouble. He was so rough a boy, and his manners and habits were so uncouth, that he was continually doing something or other that was wrong or disorderly. But Juno never lost her influence over him, and by dint of patience and forbearance, and by just and discriminating encouragement, she gradually made him a very good boy.

Juno's school went on very prosperously after this, all the summer. Even Sally Lane began to come after a while, and though she was not a very bright girl, and never took much interest in her studies, she learned to behave very well.

Juno went on for some time teaching her scholars to read, by writing sentences for them with chalk upon the board. After they once began to be able to read in this way, they went on learning quite fast; and at length Georgie's mother gave Juno a book full of pretty stories, in large print, for the use of her class. This book Juno carried to school, and her scholars used to read from it, in rotation, standing up one by one, at her side, each one reading aloud in his turn, while the rest listened.

Juno went on with her system of giving apples for rewards, though she gave up the plan of keeping a reserve of apples in the box, at the time of the stealing of them by Dick, and afterwards, when Dick became a better boy, she did not resume it. Perhaps she thought it was putting too great a temptation in the children's way.

Generally, when the children received apples as rewards, they began to eat them at once, on their way home. Juno observed that Dick, after having received two or three of them, ceased to eat them any more when they were given him, but put them in his pocket. At length, after the lapse of about four or five weeks, as Juno was coming out of the school-room one day, her scholars having nearly all gone down before her, Dick seemed to be lingering behind, at the top of the stairs. As soon as Juno came out at the school-room door, he pointed to the box under the eaves, where Juno had kept her apples, and said,

'Look in your box.'

He then immediately hurried down-stairs.

Juno went and looked in the box, and there she found just the same number of apples as had been stolen from her so many weeks before, safely deposited there. She shut down the lid again immediately and went down-stairs expecting to find Dick at the door, and intending to express to him the pleasure it gave her to find that he had been disposed, of his own accord, to make such a restitution. But Dick was not to be seen. The other children were walking along together very quietly, but no Dick among them. At length, on looking far forward along the road, she saw Dick running away as fast as he could.

CHAPTER XXI.

TELLING STORIES.



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HE words 'telling stories,' in the title of this chapter, do not mean telling falsehoods, as the reader might, perhaps, at first suppose. It means re-

lating entertaining stories to amuse and instruct young children. Persons who have charge of young children often wish that they had the art of inventing stories to entertain them, but they say they have not the gift, and that it is of no use for them to try.

Juno used to think that she could not tell stories, till Mary Osborne taught her the art.

It was one afternoon when she had gone to see Mary Osborne for the purpose of obtaining some advice from her about managing her school, that Mary first spoke to her about the advantage of inventing stories as a means of amusing and instructing children.

'Yes, Miss Osborne,' said Juno, 'I should like very much to be able to tell stories to my children sometimes, but I don't know how. I have tried, but I cannot do it.'

'It is very difficult to do it, if you don't know how,' said Mary; 'but it is very easy to learn how, if you are willing to take pains.'

Juno thought that she was willing to take any amount of pains, to accomplish any useful purpose. But she did not say so. She only said that she would like to learn.

'Very well,' said Mary Osborne, 'you shall be my pupil. I will give you the theory, and then you shall go and put the principles into practice, and afterwards come to me and let me know how you succeed.'

- 'I should like that very much,' said Juno.
- 'The great difficulty is,' said Mary, 'that people attempt too much. They do not understand what the nature of the interest is which children take in a story. It is mainly in having pleasing ideas and pictures presented to their minds by means of words.

'If you take a young child just learning to talk, and repeat any words to him that bring thoughts and images to his mind,—no matter whether there is any connection between them or not,—he will be greatly interested, and will listen attentively a long time. Of course, you must use such words as he can understand,—that is, words which will awaken some ideas in his mind. But it is not necessary that there should be any connected sense in them whatever. You may say such things as this—I mean when the child is so young as to be just

beginning to learn to talk:—"Dog. Big dog; dog bark. Pussy; pussy go to the door; jump up on the table; jump up! Where's the house? Where's the cow? Moo! Moo!" and so on. The child, you will find, will listen attentively a long time, and the interest consists in what to him is such a wonderful thing, and something so new,—the having pictures of things that he has seen, called up in his mind by sounds coming into his ear.'

'I should not have thought he would be interested at all in such a jumble,' said Juno.

'If you try it, you will find that he is,' rejoined Mary. 'He will be nearly as much interested,—and, if he is very young, perhaps quite as much so,—as if it were a connected story. People think there must be a connection and a sense in what is told to children, in order to interest them; and they think so, because they do not understand the nature of the interest which they feel. It is in the images themselves, and not in the manner in which they are connected, that the charm lies; and that is because the having thoughts and mental pictures brought to their minds by sounds in their ears is a novel sensation for them, and a wonderful one.'

'Suppose, for example,' continued Mary, 'that a necromancer could come, and, by some magic power, make a series of pictures of common objects appear in the air and pass along before us in review, how much interested we should be in looking at them. It would make very little difference what

the pictures were; that is, what objects they represented. The wonder would be that they could be represented at all.'

'That's true,' said Juno.

'It is just so with children,' continued Mary.
'It is not the connection between the pictures that your words bring to their minds, but the *pictures themselves*, and the wonderful fact that sounds can awaken them, which interests them.'

'Yes; but, Miss Osborne,' said Juno, 'that kind of story would not interest larger boys and girls such as those that I have most to do with. And I wish very much to learn how to tell stories that will interest them.'

'Ah, we shall come to that by and by,' said Miss Osborne. 'We must begin at the beginning. This is the first lesson. I wish you to try this experiment first, and if you find it succeeds, I will give you another lesson, and another experiment to try, the next time I see you. Don't you know some little child just beginning to learn to talk that you can try this experiment upon?'

'Yes,' replied Juno. 'There's Rose Lily.'

'Rose Lily,' repeated Mary. 'That's a funny name. Who is Rose Lily?'

'She is Pompling's little sister,' said Juno. 'She is about two years old.

'There were two of them,' continued Juno, her countenance suddenly assuming quite a sad and sorrowful expression;—'twins. One was named

Rose Lily and the other Lily Rose; but poor little Lily Rose died. It almost broke her mother's heart. I'll try the plan on Rose Lily. She is just the child.'

On returning home from this visit to Mary Osborne's, Juno went round by the way of the house where Pomp lived, in order to try her experiment at once on little Rose Lily. She, however, felt some embarrassment at the idea of making her experiment in the presence of the child's mother; so she concluded that she would take Rosey out into a little garden which Pomp had behind his house, and try the plan privately there.

Fortunately, however, she was saved the trouble of adopting this manœuvre, for as soon as she came in sight of the house she saw Pompling drawing Rose Lily on what he called his wagon, and trying to get through the gate. Juno immediately went to help him. She held the gate open, while Pompling pulled the wagon through.

The wagon consisted simply of a board with two axle-trees nailed to the under-side of it, and small wheels, which had been sawed out of a board, at the ends of them. There had been originally four wheels, but one of them had been lost, so that one of the corners of the board dragged on the ground. This made it harder for Pompling to draw it, and a good deal harder for Rose Lily to hold on. She held on pretty well, however, with her little fat black fingers clasped over the edges of the board.

'You are a good boy, Pompling,' said Juno,' 'to give your sister a ride. But now you may go off and play a few minutes and I will draw Rosey up to the door. You can make believe that you are a horse that has broken away from the carriage and run off.'

So Pompling dropped the rope and ran off, cantering and galloping about, like a horse broken loose. Juno pulled the wagon up the slope which led to the door of the house, and sat down there on the great stone step. Rose Lily still remained on the wagon.

'Come, Rosey,' said Juno, holding out her hands to Rose.

But Rosey shook her head and clung tighter than ever to the board, saying, at the same time,

'Moah wide!'

She was only beginning to talk, and could not pronounce the letter r very well. To say r, as it is sounded in the word ride, you have to put the tip of your tongue up against the roof of your mouth in a very curious manner, and Rose Lily had not got the knack of it yet.

'Come to me and I'll tell you a story,' said Juno.

Then Rose Lily let go of the board and put out her hands to Juno. Juno took her into her lap.

'Now, I'll tell you a story, Rosey. Horse, horse, go fast! Get up! Get up! Whoa! Pussy run! Pussy mew! Open the door! Shut the

door! Shut the door! Bang! Bang! Where's the Pussy? Where's the dog? Bow wow! Bow-wow-wow!'

Here Juno paused. Rose Lily was looking up to her, with a beaming expression of curiosity and wonder in her face. Juno was silent a moment, and then Rose Lily said,—

'Moah stowey!'

So Juno went on in the same strain a minute longer, when Pompling came back, and hearing what was going on, stopped to listen. Juno being very much encouraged by the result of her experiment so far, went on, notwithstanding the presence of an auditor; and to her surprise, she found that even Pompling, old as he was, seemed interested in listening. He was five or six years old, and Juno supposed that he would be entirely beyond such stories as those.

So after going on for a short time, she stopped and said to Pompling.—

- 'Do you ever tell Rosey stories?'
- 'No,' said Pompling, 'I could not make them up.'
 - 'Couldn't you make up such stories as these?'
- 'Yes,' said Pompling. 'I could make up such stories as these, I suppose.'
- 'Well, try it sometime,' said Juno, 'and see whether Rosey will like to hear them.'

So after remaining a few minutes longer, talking with Pompling and Rosey, Juno went away very

much encouraged by the result of her experiment. Indeed, she was so much interested in the success of it, that she was quite desirous of trying it again on some other baby. And, in fact, on her way home she saw a young girl sitting on a seat by the way-side, with a child playing on the grass before her, and she stopped to take up the child and tell her a story, too, in much the same way; and much to her gratification, she found that the experiment was as successful in this case as in the other. She took a new interest after this in all children who were just learning to talk, in order to try the plan upon them.

The reason why she was so successful was that she clearly saw the principle that was involved—namely, that the pleasure which such a child derives from hearing what they call a story, is derived not from any plot which it contains, or any connection of narrative,—but only from its presenting to his mind a succession of images, through a novel, and to him very surprising, mode of access—namely. that of sounds entering his ears

CHAPTER XXII.

STORY FOR DAVY.



BOUT a week after this, Miss Osborne met Juno in the street and stopped to speak to her, and to ask her how she succeeded in putting into practice her

first lesson in story-telling. Juno smiled and looked quite pleased, and said she had succeeded very well,—a great deal better than she had expected.

'Then,' said Mary, 'you must come and take your second lesson. To-morrow is Saturday. Come to-morrow afternoon.'

Accordingly Juno went, and Mary Osborne commenced her second lesson as follows:—

'You had better perhaps take boys of about Pompling's age, for your next experiment. Now the principle is the same in telling stories to such boys, as to babies just beginning to talk—that is, the same source of interest and pleasure of stories to them is in the series of pictures which it presents to their imagination. It is not in the plot of the story, or in there being anything remarkable or curious in the ending of it; but in the scenes and images which are brought to their minds in the

course of it. A great many people say they cannot tell stories to children, because they cannot think of anything to tell them. They imagine that to make a story interesting to children, it must relate some curious or remarkable incident; and because they do not know of any such incidents, therefore they cannot tell any stories. Now, in order that you may understand of how little importance this is, I wish you would try for your second lesson to take some child a little older than Rose Lily-one that can understand connected language—and relate something that is so far connected as to form a continuous narrative which they can understand-no matter what—but which shall have no point whatever,—no plot, no remarkable occurrence, no beginning or ending, but designed only to bring a series of agreeable images before their minds. Understand distinctly yourself that the object is to present to their imagination a series of pictures, and that the pleasure which they take in hearing you is very similar to that which you take in riding along a pleasant road on a summer day.'

'I think I understand what you mean,' said Juno; 'but perhaps I could understand it better, if you would give me an example.'

'Very well,' said Miss Osborne. 'You take a child up in your arms, and say,—

'Now I am going to tell you a story. Once there was a girl about as old as you, named Jenny. She was sitting on the carpet one day playing with her

doll. She had a little cradle for her doll. The cradle was painted green. She was rocking her doll to sleep. Presently she looked up and saw that the sun was shining in at the window, bright and warm. There were plants in the window, but still there was room enough for the sun to shine in. One of the plants was a rose. It was a red rose, and it was in full bloom. There was a small white rose-bush in a pot, in the window, but it had only buds on it.

'The flower-pots that had these flowers in them were upon a table, and under the table was a basket which Jenny's kitten had for a bed. The kitten was in the bed asleep all this time. Just then a humming-bird flew in at the window, and poised himself a moment before the rose, and then flew away. The kitten did not know that the humming-bird was there. If she had known it, I suppose she would have jumped up, and tried to catch him. And that's the end of the story.'

'There!' said Mary Osborne, looking toward Juno with a smile. 'There is not much plot to that story. But still such talk is story enough to interest a child of three or four years old; and the secret of the interest is in the series of mental pictures which it calls up to the mind of the child, and the exercise it gives to the faculty of imagination, just coming into the consciousness of the child, as a new and wonderful power.

'No doubt,' continued Miss Osborne, 'it is

better to have some little plan, or some little connection in the parts of the story. As for instance, if in that story about Jenny, instead of going off to the flowers in the window and the kitten and the humming-bird, I had made Jenny ask her mother for leave to go out into the garden, when she saw the sun shining so pleasantly, and had described her gathering flowers there, and seeing and chasing a butterfly. A thread of connection,—a beginning, middle, and end,—or a unity as it is called in the books on rhetoric that I studied at school, is all very well,—and becomes more important the older the children grow. But for very young children it is not necessary at all, as the charm of a story for them is the pleasure they derive from the successive pictures or images that it presents to their minds. Now this is your second lesson, to tell a continuous story of no matter what—provided that the pictures which it calls up are such as children can appreciate, -to some child three or four years old. In the third lesson I shall tell you about stories with some definite plan or purpose, but for this I would rather you would not have any plan whatever in order that you may learn by trial how little the pleasure, which children of that age take in hearing stories, depends upon having any particular purpose or method in the construction of them.'

Juno said that she should take great interest in trying the plan. She had an opportunity of doing this very soon. Georgie had a little cousin named David—though he was commonly called Davy—who often came to see him, and to play in the yard. He came on the Monday after Juno received ner second lesson from Mary Osborne. Davy ran about the yard for awhile, playing with Georgie, until he began to become a little tired, and then he came to where Juno was sitting, upon the piazza. She was mending stockings.

'Davy,' said she, 'come here and I will tell you a story.'

Davy came at once to the place and leaned against Juno's knee. Juno said to herself, 'I must be careful not to have any plan or plot to my story. If I do, it will not be a fair experiment. And I must not tell about dolls and flowers and kittens. as Miss Osborne did, for Davy is a boy;' and then she began.

'Once there was a boy, and he had a knife.'

'What was his name?' asked Davy.

'Ah, yes,' said Juno. 'I ought to have told you his name. It was Charles.'

Juno, in fact, had not thought of any name for her hero, and so when Davy asked for a name, she had to give the first that came into her mind.

'They commonly called him Charley,' said Juno.
'He had a knife. He kept his knife in his pocket.
His pocket had a hole in it.'

Juno had no idea what she was going to say when she began. She was telling just what came into her head, and the idea of having a hole in Charley's pocket was suggested by the sight of a hole in the stocking that she was then mending.

'The hole was about so big,' said Juno, showing the hole in the stocking. 'Charley's knife slipped out through this hole and went down the leg of his trowsers to the ground. Afterward another boy came by and found the knife in the grass, and brought it to Charley and gave it to him. It was rusty from lying in the grass.'

Here Juno began to be afraid that she was invisibly getting into too connected and regular a story. So she took a new course and went on as follows:

'Charley had a cap. He saw a butterfly and ran after it, and threw his cap after it to catch it;—but he could not catch it. His cap went into the bushes and the butterfly flew away. Charley fell down and hurt himself one day, but he was a brave boy and so he did not cry. He got up, brushed his clothes, and then ran along just as if nothing had happened. That's the end of the story.'

Davy listened with great interest to this recital, and when it was completed he asked for another story.

Juno said she had not any other story ready.

'Then tell me that story again,' said Davy.

Juno laughed heartily at the idea of having such a story as that encored, but she was well convinced that Miss Osborne's theory about telling stories to children was right.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JUNO'S THIRD LESSON.



N due time Juno received her third and last lesson from Mary Osborne, in respect to the art of story-telling. She was very much encouraged by her suc-

cess in putting into practice the first and second lessons that she had learned, and was quite curious to know what the third was to be.

'I hope,' she said to herself, 'that I shall get up to Georgie's age by the next lesson. I should like very much to be able to make up stories to interest Georgie,—and the scholars of my Sunday-school.'

'Well, Juno,' said Mary Osborne, the next time that she saw her. She met her in the village where they had both been to do some_shopping, and in returning Mary Osborne walked with her, talking by the way.

'Have you tried the experiments that I proposed to you?' said Mary.

Juno replied that she had tried them many times, and had found that she succeeded a great deal better than she had expected.

'I never expected that I could learn to tell

stories to children,' she said, because it requires imagination, and I have no imagination.'

'If you think you have no imagination,' said Mary, 'that is the very reason why you ought to do it, as that is the way to cultivate your imagination, and make it grow.'

Mary Osborne was right in this. Imagination is the charm of life, and they who are deficient in this faculty, or who think they are deficient, ought immediately to begin in earnest to cultivate and improve it. And the very best way of doing this, is to tell stories to children.

'And now for the third lesson,' said Mary. 'When children get older than four or five years, something in the way of plot or plan to a story adds very much to the value of it for them, and the interest that they take in it; but something very simple will answer the purpose. The way to proceed is this. You think first of some little incident to make the foundation of your story,—such, for instance, as a boy leaving his jacket on the ground, and a field-mouse creeping into one of the pockets, and the boy putting on his jacket and going into the house, with the mouse in his pocket;—or a boy throwing his cap at a butterfly, and the cap going over the bank down into a brook.'

'Those would make stories that would please boys very much,' said Juno. 'I see that they would, now that you tell them to me, but I could not think of such things myself.'

'You can't think of them at any particular moment, by trying to think of them,' said Mary. 'But after you have had a little experience and practice they will come to you of themselves, at different times of the day, and you can keep a memorandum of them, if you please; and then when you wish to tell a boy a story, you can take any one upon your list.

'But first,' said Mary, 'and while you are beginning, you must take those that I give you. You can take either of those two, about the mouse, or the cap that fell into the brook.'

'I will take the one about the mouse,' said Juno.

'I think that will be the best,' replied Mary. 'Now having that for the plan of your story, all that you have to do in telling it is simply to introduce abundance of details. The whole secret consists in that. You must tell what the boy's name was, how he was dressed, who was with him when he went out, what he was doing when he laid his jacket down, whether flying his kite, or making a garden, or climbing up a tree to look at a bird's nest. In a word, what you have do do, is to put in the circumstances,—all the circumstances that you can get in. The whole thing depends upon that. I give you the incident in general terms, namely, a mouse getting into the boy's jacket lying on the ground, and you relate it, supplying all the circumstances, making them as curious and interesting to boys as you can.'

Juno said that she would try the plan very soon.

'And it will be better,' continued Mary Osborne, 'not to think too much before-hand about the circumstances that you are going to put in. Tell them as they come into your mind spontaneously, as you go along.'

Juno determined, after some hesitation, to try the plan upon Georgie. She had often told him stories before, such as she had read in books, or had related incidents which had actually occurred to herself, or which she had observed in the course of the day; and had even sometimes drawn upon her own invention, for narratives, though she had never proceeded in the methodical way which Mary Osborne had pointed out, nor indeed upon any principle whatever. She now determined to see what she could do in the way of making up a story on the principle which Mary Osborne had explained to her, that is, of taking a simple incident, furnished her by another person, and 'putting in the circumstances,' as Mary Osborne expressed it.

It was one evening just before tea that she made her first trial. Georgie had been out playing, and had come to the house in obedience to the first bell. Georgie went into the hall and put away his cap, and then came out upon the piazza, where Juno was at work.

'Well, Georgie,' said Juno. 'You have got about five minutes before tea. Come and sit down here on the step, and I will tell you a story.'

- 'Good,' said Georgie. 'That's just what I should like.'
- 'Once there was a boy,' said Juno, 'named Philip. He lived not far from a pond where pondlilies grew.'
- 'I wish there was a pond where pond-lilies grow, somewhere about here,' said Georgie.
- 'Philip thought one day he would go and get some lilies,' continued Juno. 'So he put on his jacket and his cap, and set off. He had a piece of gingerbread in his hand, and was eating it as he went along. Pretty soon he overtook two other boys, and he put his gingerbread in his pocket out of sight, for he did not wish to give any of it to the other boys.'
 - 'That was rather mean,' said Georgie.
- 'Perhaps it was,' said Juno. 'But he had some excuse, as there was not gingerbread enough for three—hardly enough, in fact, for one.'
- 'He proposed to the other two boys to go with him to get the pond-lilies,' continued Juno, 'and they said they would. As they went along, Philip put his hand now and then into/his pocket, and broke off a piece of the gingerbread and put it into his mouth.'
 - 'On the sly?' asked Georgie.
- 'Yes,' said Juno. 'He did not wish them to see him. Presently he ate up all the gingerbread in this way, only of course there were some crumbs left in his pockets.

'When they reached the shore of the pond,' continued Juno, 'the boys got into a boat they found there. The boat was fastened with a chain, and at first the boys thought it was locked, because there was a padlock on the chain; but when they came to examine it, they found that the padlock was not locked.'

Just at this point of the story the tea-bell rang. This was the second bell, and was to call the people to the table.

'There now!' exclaimed Georgie, in a tone of disappointment. 'There's the tea bell, and I want to hear the rest of the story.'

'Never mind,' said Juno. 'Go to tea. Be in your place at the table, punctually. I'll finish the story another time.'

'We'll call it the end of the first chapter,' said Georgie.

'Yes,' said Juno.

So Georgie ran off to his supper, leaving Juno quite pleased to find that her experiment, so far, had succeeded so well.

After Georgie had finished his supper, Juno was to have hers, and after her supper it was time to go into the parlour to hear the evening reading. It was the custom with Georgie's father, and a most excellent custom it was, to devote an hour every evening to reading aloud to his family, selecting some book for this purpose that would be both entertaining and instructive, and one, moreover,

which, though adapted to the tastes and capacities of the older members of the family, was not above Georgie's comprehension. Georgie was always present at these readings. Indeed, his father considered the exercise as a very important part of Georgie's education. He always selected such books as would afford, either directly or indirectly, a great deal of useful information, and one which was yet somewhat in advance of Georgie's attainments,—so as to make occasional explanations necessary on his part; explanations both of the meaning of words, and also sometimes of the ideas, or trains of thought.

Thus the exercise was made to aid very essentially in the cultivation of Georgie's thinking and reasoning powers, his knowledge of language, and the general development of his faculties.

At the end of this reading hour, came family prayers, and then it was time for Georgie to go to bed. But when, after his father had left him for the night, Juno came to take away his light, Georgie asked for the rest of the story.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTINUING THE STORY.



ERY well,' said Juno, 'where did I leave off?' So saying she took her seat in a chair which stood at the head of Georgie's bed.

'You left off when the boys were getting into the boat to go out on the pond after pond-lilies,' said Georgie. 'I want to know how they made out.'

'Did I tell you about Philip's throwing his jacket down upon the grass?'

'No,' said Georgie.

'Well, I must not forget that,' said Juno.

Juno had got the crumbs all ready for the mouse to eat, in the jacket pocket, and was going to have the mouse creep in while the boys were out upon the water.

'Philip thought,' said Juno, resuming her story, 'that he should wish to have his arm bare, so that he could reach down into the water to get the lilies, and so he took off his jacket, and threw it down on a log under some bushes, near the shore. There was a hornet's nest in that log.'

'A hornet's nest!' exclaimed Georgie, rising up suddenly in bed.

'Yes,' said Juno, 'a large hornet's nest.'

The idea which Juno had in her mind of having a mouse come out from under the log, made her think of other animals, and it suddenly occurred to her that it might add to the interest of the story in Georgie's mind to have some hornets there too. And seeing how much interested he was, she determined to make the idea of a boy's getting a hornet in his jacket or his cap, when he had thrown it down carelessly on the grass, the subject of another story. She determined to put that down as the first of the list of incidents, which Mary Osborne had advised her to make. Thinking of this made her pause a moment, when Georgie recalled her to her duty by saying,

'Well, why don't you go on?'

'Ah! I forgot,' said Juno. 'Let's see, where was I? Oh, they were getting into the boat. When they were all in they pushed off from the shore.'

'Did they have any oars or paddles?' asked Georgie.

'No,' replied Juno. 'The owner of the boat had carried the oars up to his house; but the boys found some sticks lying about there, on the bank, which they made answer for poles.'

'Setting poles they call them,' said Georgie.

'Yes,' said Juno. 'Philip had no pole himself,

though the other two boys had each of them one. So Philip sat down upon a seat in the end of the boat.'

- 'In the stern,' said Georgie.
- . 'Yes,' said Juno. 'I suppose it was what you call the stern.'
- 'Which end of the boat was it,' asked Georgie, 'the first end or the last end?'
 - 'It was the last end,' said Juno.
- 'Then it was the stern,' said Georgie. 'But no matter about that; go on.'
- 'He sat down in the stern of the boat,' continued Juno, 'and let his hand hang down over the edge of the boat into the water.'
 - 'Was the water warm?' asked Georgie.
 - 'Yes,' said Juno. 'It was quite warm.'
- 'I might have known that,' said Georgie. 'The water is always warm in pond-lily time.'
- 'Presently, in looking down into the water, he saw a fish swimming about,' continued Juno.

Here Georgie suddenly raised himself upon his elbow and said,

- 'How large?'
- 'Oh, it was a pretty large fish,' said Juno. 'Presently he saw another.'
- 'Did he?' said Georgie, 'and I suppose he had not any fishing line. Why didn't he bring his fishing line?'
- 'His head was so full of pond-lilies,' replied Juno, 'that he did not think of the fish. But you must lie down and keep quiet.'

So Georgie lay down again.

- 'What kind of fish were they?' asked Georgie.
- 'I don't know,' said Juno, 'and Philip himself did not know. All that he could see was, that they were fishes, and he told the other boys that he wished that he had brought his fishing line.'
 - 'What did they say?' asked Georgie.
- 'They did not say anything,' said Juno. 'They did not see the fishes as Philip did, and so they did not think so much about them, but went on poling the boat forward to the green patch of lily-pads, which lay at some distance before them.'

By this time Juno began to think that the proper time for talking with Georgie, before he went to sleep, had expired, and that moreover, instead of composing and quieting his mind, and preparing him to go to sleep, which was her principal object in her conversations with him after he had gone to bed, he was only becoming excited by his interest in the story. So she concluded that it would be best to consider the arrival of the boys among the lily-pads as the end of a chapter, and to bid Georgie good night, with a promise to finish the story another time.

So she paused a moment and said, 'End of the chapter.'

- 'Oh,' said Georgie, disappointed. 'But never mind, you can begin another chapter.'
 - 'Not to-night,' said Juno. 'I find the story is

too long. But I'll give you another chapter tomorrow.'

'You must not forget it,' said Georgie. 'I want to hear the rest of it very much.'

'I'll not forget it—or rather I'll tell you another chapter, if you remind me some time to-morrow.'

Then she bade him good night and went away.

Juno was very much gratified at her success in 'putting in circumstances,' as Miss Osborne had called it.

'Only,' she said, 'at this rate, I shall never get to the mouse that crawled into the boy's pocket and the crumbs of ginger-bread waiting for him there all the time!'

She laughed as she said this and sat down at her work in her room.

'I have not any imagination,' she said, 'but somehow or other, all these things came to me of themselves, as I went on with the story. I saw what interested Georgie, and when anything interested him, it reminded me of something else about it, or like it, to tell.'

The next day was Saturday, and as it was a holiday, Georgie was away from home, or busily engaged in some of his multifarious occupations about the house and grounds all day, so that Juno had no opportunity to commence another chapter in her story until he had gone to bed at night.

He then reminded her of her promise, and she resumed the story. But she was not any more suc-

cessful in advancing toward the end of it than she had been before. New incidents occurred to her as she went on, and these she related. The owner of the boat came down the bank, and called the boys to account for having taken the boat, but finally, after some conversation with them, allowed them to keep it, only making them promise to secure it when they returned.

Then, moreover, another party of boys came down to the shore for pond-lilies, and floated themselves out over the water on a raft. There were some girls with them who remained on the shore while the boys went to get the lilies for them.

In a word, so many things occurred to Juno's mind as she went on with her story, that the time expired for that evening too, before she got to the mouse. So she ended the chapter and went away, promising to give the conclusion of the story the next time.

The following day being Sunday, Juno went as usual to her Sunday-school. On her way home she met Miss Osborne, who stopped a few minutes to talk with her, and then walked along with her a little way.

After a few words on other subjects, Mary Osborne asked Juno how she succeeded with her story of the mouse getting into the boy's pocket.

Juno laughed.

'I hope you are not discouraged,' said Mary.

'Oh no, Miss Osborne,' said Juno, 'quite the

contrary. I found that I had no difficulty at all in "putting in the circumstances." Indeed I thought of so many circumstances to put in, that I did not get along very fast. I have had two chapters as we call them, and have not got to the mouse yet."

'That's all right,' said Mary. 'Don't be in any hurry to get to the incident which you take for your subject. It helps a great deal to have some incident in mind, that you imagine that you are coming to, but it is of no consequence how long you are in coming to it,—nor even if you never come to it at all. Authors, sometimes, in writing a book, find that what they intended as only the introduction, expands as they write it and becomes the whole book, so that the plot which they originally formed for it is not brought in at all.'

'I think that is very likely to be the case with my story,' said Juno, 'if I don't get along with it faster.'

'Don't try to go any faster,' said Mary Osborne.
'You can keep the incident in mind, if you choose, as a kind of light ahead, but in the mean time ramble about on the way as much as you please, and be as long as you please in reaching the end.'

Juno went on with her story for many days after this, and made in the whole seven chapters before she finished it, for she found as she went on, that new circumstances constantly occurred to her. She, however, came finally to the mouse. He crept into the jacket pocket, and began nibbling the crumbs, when at length Philip came to get his

jacket, and the mouse was so frightened when he found himself suddenly lifted into the air, that he did not dare to jump out. Finally Philip undertook to put two of his pond-lilies into his pocket, and then he *felt* the mouse. It was now his turn to be frightened. He jumped and screamed, and the mouse at the same time coming out, ran down his leg, and escaped into the grass.

Juno after this made a list of incidents as subjects for stories, and soon acquired great skill in making up narratives that pleased the children who heard them very much indeed.

THE END.

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